A Smithsonian Curator Tells All • Photography Contest Winners • Dirt Track Racing

NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

THE CENTER FOR APPALACHIAN STUDIES AND SERVICES • EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

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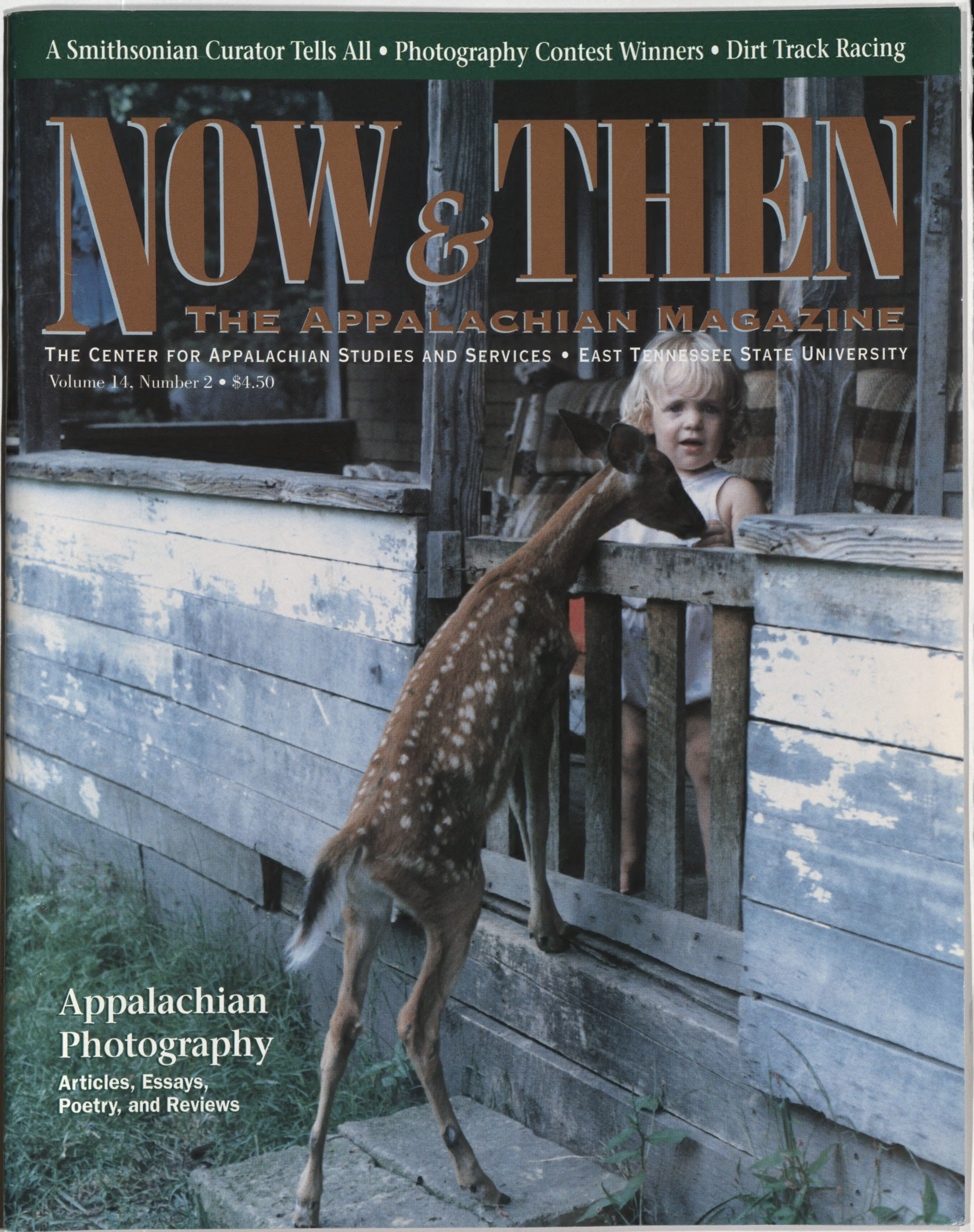

Appalachian Photography

Articles, Essays, Poetry, and Reviews

Fred W. Behrend

Photograph, Somewhere, Southern Appalachian Mountains.

Fred W. Behrend arrived in the United States in 1926 from Germany. He came to work in the American Bemberg rayon plant in Elizabethton, Tenn., in response to a newspaper advertisement for a German/English stenographer. In 1958, he began working as local news reporter, editor, and photographer for the *Elizabethton Star* newspaper, where he remained until his retirement in 1970.

Behrend's hobby was photography. A naturalist, he enjoyed taking photographs while hiking and camping in the mountains. He received a bronze medal in a photography competition at the Salon International d'Art Photographique de Bruxelles in 1938. Behrend died in 1976, leaving behind his legacy of black-and-white prints and color slides for his daughter, Linda Behrend Akard, acting technical services archivist for the Archives of Appalachia at East Tennessee State University.

Photograph, Somewhere, Tennessee

A man walking in a windy field
is what I caught out the window
of a speeding car.
There is no house around,
only a spread of trees which mark
a stream in farm country,
and the certainty of phone lines
trailing down the road.

The man's posture is a loose
kind of loneliness
that walks a man two miles
from his house and makes him
wade thick grass in a windy field,
not to make him less lonely,
but so he can share the feeling
with the openness, to relish it,
to taste all of it,
and then to walk home
before dark, the same way,
without acknowledging it,
just rote lonely walking
to an empty kitchen,
coffee gone tepid on the stove,
and the refrigerator humming
a slow blues to a quiet house
on a country road, somewhere, Tennessee.

—Bill Brown

A literature and creative writing teacher in Nashville, Bill Brown has had three collections of his poems published. He is co-author with Malcolm Glass of a new writing textbook, Important Words for Poets and Writers.

The cover photograph, "Small Wonders" by Danita Mullins, received an honorable mention in the Fresh Look at Appalachia Photography Competition. It was taken in Webster County, W.Va. Cover layout by Hillhouse Graphic Design.

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NOW & THEN
THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

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"In some ways, the best thing is to be silent about what goes into the making of photographs. Just look at the image, at what you are seeing there — and let's talk about that."
— Ken Betsalel

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Words and Pictures

I have been inundated with photographs lately. By day, I've been working on *Now & Then's* Appalachian Photography issue. At night, after everyone else has fallen asleep, I've found myself rooting through boxes of old family photographs.

It all started at Thanksgiving. I discovered an assortment of pictures in a white post office crate in the closet of my old room in suburban Philadelphia: photos of my parents in their 20s, their wedding pictures, my mother's maternal grandparents taken in turn-of-the century Ukraine, snaps of my brothers and me.

Among the black-and-white prints was one of me standing with five other girls in front of a rustic-looking building. I was skinny, had a bad haircut, a smile on my face, and eyes that looked a bit furtively off to the side. Not only have I never thought in images, but I've also reached that stage of mid-life where my memory, when called upon to serve, frequently declines the invitation. As far as I could tell, I was standing there with a pack of prepubescent strangers.

But then I turned the photo over and discovered that these strangers were, in fact, all of my close girlhood friends. My mother had lined us up and taken our picture just before a stay at Girl Scout camp. It took several flips back and forth before I could reconnect names with faces. The snapshot now sits on my desk at home, a distillation of part of my childhood. The lens can truly be a potent instrument, as essayist Marie Mollohan claims in "The Power of the Photographer's Lens" (p. 19).

The future *Now & Then* editor (second from r) stands with her buddies at Camp Laughing Water, 1963.

We had gone back for Thanksgiving because my mother had not been able to make her annual trip to Tennessee last year. She had been diagnosed with what is usually a controllable, though almost never curable, cancer the previous summer. Her cancer had other plans, and in late April, she died.

In early June, then, I was back on I-81, setting the cruise control yet again for the long trip up the Great Valley of Virginia into Pennsylvania's Cumberland Valley, then east to Philadelphia. A week later, after helping my brothers get the house ready for sale, I returned with, among other things, several generations of family pictures.

A box of pictures from my father's family is particularly fascinating. I've always heard more about my Ukrainian immigrant relatives; stories about Dad's Scotch-Irish ancestors, some of whom settled Pennsylvania's Path Valley before the Revolution, are more scarce and more garbled. I often feel transported as I rummage through these images of my forebears, but I'm usually not certain where I've been transported to and who I've met once I've arrived. Labeling pictures seems to be a recently acquired taste, at least in the Harris and Campbell families, and there's no one left to ask for the information I lack.

To be sure, there are some gems. I turned over one framed portrait and realized I was looking at the face of my great-grandfather for the very first time. Another old postcard shows his house and tannery. In yet another, my grandmother Margaret Campbell is among a group of women dressed in long, old-fashioned dresses. She stands with her arms folded, just in front of her mother-in-law Nettie Harris, a woman with distressed eyes and a permanently down-turned mouth.

In most cases, though, I don't have a clue as to who the people in the pictures are. I find I feel a special kinship with essayist and poet Susan Underwood ("Bloodroot," p. 30) as I search among the old prints for my father's father — a man who, like Dad, died in his 50s. There is one solemn, stiff portrait that I know is James Clyde as a young man; I suspect there are others of him in middle age, but I can't be sure. Sometimes I look from that old portrait to a snapshot of four men standing in a forest with their arms draped around each other's shoulders, a parking lot with 1930s vintage cars just discernible in the background. Is the man on the right, the one who looks something like my dad, the elusive grandfather, the one who died 10 years before I was born?

My old camp picture repopulated my childhood memories with faces; these Harris family photos are, more often than not, intriguing but ultimately baffling. A picture may well be worth a thousand words, but sometimes, it's maddeningly difficult to make out exactly what those words are trying to say.

— Jane Harris Woodside, editor

Painting with Light

See how the sycamore
sways in its island
of light, a single

brushstroke sweeping
the delicate eggshell
curve of sky,

how light slants
to select this one frame,
stretches toward dark

and how the eye
dances to the delight
of this turning

held in the long arms
of time, this moment
on forever's canvas.

—Jeff Daniel Marion

Jeff Daniel Marion will be the Copenhaver Scholar-in-Residence at Roanoke College for Spring 1998.

Barbara Beirne's Women of Southern Appalachia

by David Haberstich

A Smithsonian curator gives a behind-the-scenes look at the creation of an exhibit.

When a national museum such as the Smithsonian Institution decides to mount an exhibition exploring Appalachian culture, Appalachians can be expected to greet the prospect with mixed emotions. There will be some measure of enthusiasm, but it will be cautious enthusiasm, tempered at the very least by a healthy dose of skepticism, if not by outright suspicion. Will they get it right, Appalachians wonder — whatever "right" is? Or will they trot out the well-worn, condescending hillbilly stereotypes and produce a collective sneer at the region and its people? And who are "they" anyway?

As the curator of a spring 1997 National Museum of American History exhibition called "Women of Southern Appalachia: Serving Home and Community" and featuring the photographs of Barbara Beirne, I had to anticipate the possibility of adverse reactions. Certainly I had to answer tough questions from my colleagues and superiors, but this is standard procedure in most museums. An exhibition curator is like a graduate student defending a thesis. He or she must persuade a committee and a power structure that an exhibition proposal will treat a theme professionally and will advance some new and useful knowledge.

Then there is an additional challenge: A museum exhibition is, by definition, a form of show business. It needs to appeal to a more general audience. It needs to engage, if not entertain, while it educates its viewers.

From Ruby Slippers to American Gypsies

The National Museum of American History is the home of such national treasures as the flag that inspired "The Star-Spangled Banner" and George Washington's military headquarters tent as well as scientific and technological landmarks such as the 1831 "John Bull" locomotive. But the museum is also noted for its collection of popular culture — Judy Garland's ruby slippers, Fonzie's leather jacket, and Mr. Rogers' sweater, to name just a few. It is no secret that these "icons" represent

I got burnt out, and I haven't got nothing. My house burnt. My car burnt. My money and my food stamps burnt. I just had a big hog killed. He was in the freezer, and he burnt. I need a house for my five children and them kids have got to eat. I don't want to ask for help. Too many people take advantage. It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't winter time.

— Marcella Keeton
Salyersville, Kentucky, 1993.

prime tourist attractions. As the resident of an office on an exhibit floor, I can attest to the frequency of queries about the location of "Dorothy's shoes" from American and foreign visitors alike.

The primary theme of the Museum's programs for the last 20 years has been the presentation and interpretation of American social history in its rich multicultural diversity. Comparatively small, temporary displays of documentary photographs have served as a convenient means to explore a wide range of ethnic and cultural communities, including Jews in the Western U.S. and Hispanic migrant workers. In an attempt to portray the lifestyles of groups who might be considered the ultimate outsiders, I even assembled from the museum's research collections a show about American Gypsies called "Hidden Americans."

These were all tightly focused exhibitions about small communities. It seemed only natural to me to expand our perspective and deal with a whole region of the country through photographs. When Barbara Beirne showed me her photographs of Appalachian women in early 1995, I felt that this was a significant opportunity to provide such a perspective.

The Project's Beginnings

In 1992, Beirne had received an assignment to photograph in the Appalachian region of Kentucky for a nonprofit organization whose purpose is to assist disadvantaged residents there. "The people of this area survived for generations by tending their farms, but when coal and gas were discovered, many farmers, who were both naive and lacking in formal education, left their fields for the mines," she says. "Not only were they underpaid, but accidents and lung disease crippled innumerable workers. The disabilities of the men working in the mines forced many women to become the head of the household and responsible for the survival of their large families.

"While on this assignment, I met women whose strength and courage inspired me to initiate a personal photographic project. Since 1992, I have made numerous trips to Kentucky, West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina. The women I have photographed have survived adversity with determination and grace."

We approached this project as outsiders. Beirne's home base is Morristown, N.J. I have Midwestern rural roots, but at this point, I have been solidly transplanted to the East Coast urban milieu. My expertise is in the history of photography. Almost totally ignorant of Appalachia, I had to rely on advice from my colleague here at the museum, ethnomusicologist Scott Schwartz, who is active in the Appalachian Studies Association. I was intrigued by Beirne's photographs of Appalachian women because her images have a strength and monumentality which, for me, exemplifies everything good documentary portraiture is capable of doing.

I was somewhat familiar with Beirne's photographs before she sent me slides of her Appalachian work. I knew that she had illustrated a number of children's books and books about children, from 1988's *Under the Lights: A Child Model at Work* to her 1996 publication, *The Children of the Ecuadorean Highlands.* The recipient of a master's of fine arts degree in photography from the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, N.Y., she has also taught photography.

"The women I have photographed have survived adversity with determination and grace."

I had already collected a portfolio of her portraits for the museum, photographs of such noted civil rights and antiwar figures of the 1960s as Philip Berrigan, Eldridge Cleaver, Jerry Rubin, and William Sloan Coffin, made 20 years after the zenith of their struggles. These pictures were selected from work commissioned to accompany interviews with the subjects for the book *From Camelot to Kent State* by Joan and Robert K. Morrison. Her Appalachian photographs, in contrast, are much more personal, partly because they are the result of a self-as-

Since 1977, I've spent the majority of my time working with communities fighting pollution and industrial problems, communities trying to build health care facilities. I work with the women in the mountains who are trying to develop jobs locally. More has to be done in economic development, but I've seen progress and a growth of pride in Appalachia.

—Helen Lewis
New Market, Tennessee, 1996.

signed project, but also because she decided to take up the interviewer's microphone herself to record the stories of a wide range of women struggling with poverty, illness, and death.

Fieldwork

Beirne's encounters with her Appalachian subjects were not the result of happenstance, however, with one exception. A network of contacts through a variety of organizations, including the United Mine Workers, provided her with the names and addresses of likely subjects. Her procedure involved considerable advance preparation and homework. She planned an intricate itinerary for each trip to Appalachia. Each portrait session was preceded by an interview which she tape-recorded, a process which naturally tended to establish a rapport between the two women. Some of the interviews were brief, but many extended over a period of several hours. Only when the subject was at ease did she begin to set up her lights and prepare to photograph.

Only when the subject was at ease did she begin to set up her lights and prepare to photograph.

The captions which she provided with the portraits were ones Beirne excerpted from the tape-recorded interviews. I was impressed with the combined force of these words and pictures and felt that, despite the specificity of the stories, this work would have a universal appeal. Visitors to the Museum, whether American or foreign, might look into these faces, read the quotations, and find affinities with their own lives while, at the same time, they would learn something about the culture with which they might not have direct experience.

Putting It All Together

The Appalachian photographs are superb, both technically and artistically, and far more interesting and insightful than the earlier civil rights/antiwar portfolio. Perhaps it was this comparison which made me sit up and take notice. It was clear that the photographer had gotten closer to her Appalachian subjects than she had in her earlier work. I suspected that the interview process was instrumental in producing this greater rapport with her subjects. She had obviously spent more time with them, and the photographs were simply better informed. Although I had not seen the full interviews at the time that I was considering her proposal, it appeared to me that Beirne had extracted succinct statements in a truly masterful manner which summarized the personalities and experiences of the subjects with great economy and force.

Much later, as I worked with the photographs and captions while laying out the exhibition, my original reaction was reinforced. I realized that I could toss the images and captions up into the air and intermix them, and I would not have any difficulty in rematching each statement with the proper image. In many cases, a woman's words related directly and obviously to details in her portrait, but in others, there was a clear and telling congruity of tone and style. This was no accident. The photographer/interviewer had done a great job. A strong photographer's encounters with strong women coupled with concise statements in the subjects' own words to serve as both narrative and interpretive captions were a winning combination for me. The exhibition proposal sailed through the exhibits committee, and we had a show.

From Quilters to Activists

"Women of Southern Appalachia: Serving Home and Community," which opened in March to favorable newspaper reviews and will run until October 26, has successfully engaged staff and visitors alike. Although the groups of portraits in the exhibition are punctuated by a selection of unpeopled landscapes and views of structures, some abandoned and crumbling,

My parents were missionaries, and my childhood was spent in China. I came to Kentucky when my husband was appointed president of Berea College. I worked 28 years as a pediatrician and had clinics all over the state. Many underprivileged folks had large families, and I introduced them to family planning. The mothers were so happy, they soon sent their teenage daughters to me for advice.

—Louise Gilman Hutchins
Berea, Kentucky, 1995

the portraits and accompanying captions are the nucleus of the exhibition. Since all of the subjects are between the ages of 50 and 96, some seem as weathered as the buildings. A few are poignant enough to draw tears from viewers. The most extreme is the picture of a devastated Marcella Keeton of Salyersville, Ky., crouching in the rubble that had been her house until it was consumed by fire.

Beirne does not concentrate exclusively on victims. There are victims a-plenty, to be sure: the poor, widows, a paralyzed survivor of a wife-beater and murderer. However, her subjects include not only the survivors of hardscrabble lives and private tragedies, but also caregivers, community activists, builders, and facilitators. Here are activist and teacher Helen Lewis, currently attached to the Highlander Center in New Market, Tenn.; pediatrician Louise Gilman Hutchins of Berea, Ky.; and African American police captain Ivin Lee from Dunbar, W.Va. Here also are musicians and songwriters, quilters and teachers.

Environmental Portraiture

Beirne's studies of Appalachian women stand squarely in the tradition of environmental portraiture. Popularized by such 20th century masters as Arnold Newman, who photographed celebrities such as painter Piet Mondrian and composer Igor Stravinsky, the genre dates back to the dawn of photography in the mid-19th century and has obvious antecedents in the history of painted portraiture.

The impulse to draw inferences and narrative content from a subject's surroundings is profoundly felt by many artists. From the Renaissance to the 20th century, painters as varied as Van Dyck, Velazquez, Ingres, and even Picasso have explored this idiom. Beirne's images may record specific moments of time and place, but they are also psychological sketches. She frequently depicts her subjects in the interiors of their homes or uses the exteriors as backgrounds, both to extend her statements and to provide more information. These surroundings amplify the personalities of the women. In nearly every photograph, there are three primary subjects. The most obvious subjects, of course, are the women before the camera. But the environments and circumstances which affect these women's lives as well as the artist herself as she responds sympathetically to their stories are equally the subject matter of these photographs.

In the best documentary tradition, the photographer's reflection can be discerned in the images. In the portrait of hunter Grace Fleming, for example, Beirne captures the upturned face (and seemingly incongruous gun) which represent for her the subject's crisp vitality and rugged individualism as well as the photographer's own optimism about the woman and the entire Appalachian region. It was probably for these very reasons that this picture was Beirne's original choice for the exhibition announcement. The museum's public affairs office objected, fearing that the firearm accessory might be misinterpreted. Beirne and I agreed; we selected an alternative to publicize the exhibition, although I think the image works beautifully within the exhibition context. The "documentary" style of photography, as described by photographic historian Beaumont Newhall, is characterized by the photographer's subjectivity and interpretation and is distinguished from the "pure" objectivity of clinical reportage, which can confuse the viewer with ambiguities since it doesn't clearly reflect a point of view. Beirne's subjectivity, however subtle it may appear, makes her subjects come alive

My mother was a domestic, but she taught me I could be anything I wanted to be—if I worked hard enough. Now that I'm a police captain, I want to be a pathfinder for those after me. I would not be where I am today were it not for people like Rosa Parks, Martin Luther King, and Eleanor Roosevelt.

—Ivin Lee
Dunbar, West Virginia, 1996.

for the viewer in a manner that cold reportage could not.

Some of Beirne's sessions with Appalachian women did not work out satisfactorily for a variety of reasons. The 49 portraits in the exhibition constitute only about half of the attempts, yet that seems to me a pretty high batting average. An exacting editor of her own work, Beirne generally settled on one or two images which seemed to encapsulate her encounter with her subject. Although she made a few substitutions in the course of finalizing the exhibition, Beirne is not one to waver and vacillate. While as a photographic historian, I would love to inspect

I could toss the images and captions up into the air, and I would not have any difficulty in rematching each statement with the proper image.

the full range of her "outtakes," Beirne's customary single-minded certainty about her choices commanded my respect and confidence. Every image, like the succinct nuggets which she extracted from the taped interviews, seemed to be right on target.

Respect, Awe, & A Little Reverence

What do these pictures mean to the average viewer, most of whom have no other acquaintance with the Appalachian region? Visitors may chuckle at curious names of places such as Crackerbottom and Gunlock, both in Kentucky, and there are even initial guffaws at the name "Cranks Survival Center" emblazoned on the vehicle behind the dignified figure of Becky Simpson; she works with a nonprofit social service agency which happens to be located in the town of Cranks Creek, Ky. But then they read the poignant quotations and study the faces of these fascinating women with, it seems to me, a mixture of respect and awe. If I am not reading too much into their reactions, I would have to say that I detect what I would describe as reverence.

Each image and its caption tells a story. There's little doubt that some of them might be said to reinforce stereotypes, as in the picture of O.C. Puckett outside a house in apparent disrepair, with a dog's nose amusingly jutting into the scene at the left edge of the photograph. Some viewers will glance at the occasional squalor and conclude that they can postpone a vacation tour of Appalachia indefinitely.

But the clarity, particularity, and uniqueness of these individual stories, while hinting at a rich culture beyond the viewer's experience, also highlights the vast chunk of experience and information which has been omitted, a whole world which lies behind the scope of the photographer's project and which no one photographer could hope to commit to film. The small, almost ethereal mountain landscape in the midst of these stolid portraits is a window, slyly suggesting that other pastoral Appalachia which the photographer does not detail. That is a subtlety which I do not assume all exhibit visitors will recognize, but it is there nevertheless. Beirne does not claim that these pictures typify Appalachia, merely that they represent some of the people she found, people whose lives are deeply influenced by an economic and cultural crucible formed by the region's history.

These faces and voices of Appalachian women describe battles which are being won daily and are a testament to the indomitable human spirit, recorded by a woman of uncommon perception and depth of feeling. N&T

Currently head of photographic collections, Archives Center, National Museum of American History, David Haberstich has directed many Smithsonian photographic exhibitions. His most recent publications include essays on photographer Betty Hahn in Betty Hahn: Photography or Maybe Not *and writer Anais Nin and her filmmaker husband Ian Hugo in* Anais Nin: A Book of Mirrors.

When I was little, we couldn't go to school in the winter because we didn't have shoes. I was 13 when I started to work. I drove a truck, but I always dreamed some day I'd help needy people. In the '70s, I started a food pantry, and now there's a large survival center. People come from all over to help the poor. The volunteers repair houses and deliver food. I'll tell you, it's a miracle.

—Becky Simpson
Cranks Creek, Kentucky, 1995.

A Fresh Look at Appalachia Photography Competition

Late last year, *Now & Then* and the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University (ETSU) invited photographers to take "A Fresh Look at Appalachia." Look beyond the way this region is usually represented, we urged. Take a contemporary, non-stereotypical approach to portraying Appalachia.

In the following pages, we present the winners of the 1997 photography competition and their thoughts on how their work represents a "fresh look" at Appalachia.

All winners and honorable mentions will be included in an exhibit at the Center's Reece Museum on ETSU's campus from October 21 until December 21, 1997.

The Center gratefully acknowledges our sponsors: First Bank & Trust, Abingdon, Va.; Kingsport Publishing Corporation, Kingsport, Tenn.; Target, Johnson City, Tenn.; and William King Regional Arts Center, Abingdon, Va.

JUDGES

COLOR:

Kathleen Ewing
Owner/Director of the Kathleen Ewing Gallery
Washington, D.C.

BLACK & WHITE:

Tim Barnwell
Commercial Photographer/ Photojournalist
Asheville, N.C.

First Prize - Color
KINGSPORT PUBLISHING CORPORATION

LAURA WOLF
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Laura Wolf, Brooklyn, N.Y., born and bred, did at least some measure of her growing up in Russell County, Va. Her mother, Nancy Albert Wolf, was originally from Honaker, Va.; she left the region in the early 1960s. "She wanted to go to the city," explains Laura Wolf. "She wanted to see the world."

In time, however, Wolf's mother rediscovered her affection for her childhood home. Although Nancy Wolf still lives in New York City where she works as an environmentalist for the Environmental Action Coalition, she owns the 120-acre farm in Belfast, Va., where her father, James Grant Albert, was born in a now deserted log cabin. "She brought us back there every summer," recalls Laura.

In addition to a deep attachment to Russell County, Wolf has also inherited from her mother a concern for the environment. While she earns her living working in a Manhattan photography lab producing fine art Cibachrome prints, she does free-lance photography as well, mainly providing illustrations for environmental stories for local newspapers. It was while she was on what was supposed to be a six-week volunteer assignment documenting life along the Clinch River for the Nature Conservancy that she took her prize-winning photograph, "Tepees." The Arlington, Va.,-based Nature Conservancy is a private environmental organization dedicated to preserving plants, animals, and natural communities by protecting their habitats.

"Back in the fall of 1996, I was driving around looking for photographs when I saw that little field there with the tobacco drying, ready to be put in a barn." Mindful of the fact that falling prices and other pressures seem likely to spell the end to the cultivation of the plant, she thought to herself, "Well, you may never see this again."

Even though she certainly acknowledges the health menace tobacco use poses, Wolf still regrets the impending demise of the plant's production. "It's always been what people grew because it's such a convenient crop. I don't know what people will grow to replace it. There's nothing that really makes that much money on such a small amount of land."

Wolf can claim Appalachian roots on both sides of the family. Her father, John Wolf, a television director and producer in New York City, came from Martinsburg, W.Va. Often when she sees photographs of Appalachia, photographs such as the hardened, scarred faces that appear in Shelby Lee Adams' *Appalachian Portraits* or the depictions of West Virginia poverty captured by photographer Nicholas Nixon, she feels frustration.

TEPEES BY LAURA WOLF

"I get bombarded with these images all the time, and it's not at all what I see when I'm around there," she says. "I'm not saying what those photographers did was wrong. I think it's important work. But there's been an oversaturation of those kinds of images. There's so much that's missing."

Wolf, who holds a bachelor of fine arts in photography from the Maryland Institute, College of Art in Baltimore, works both in black-and-white and in color. She was adamant that her *Now & Then* contest submissions be in vibrant color. "People always see a lot of images of the region in black-and-white. Maybe they think that all of Appalachia is gray or sepia-toned," she speculates. "I wanted to show the color, how green and lush and full of life it is, this life that people have in Southwest Virginia. I wanted to have that luscious kind of look, with the sun setting and the rich kind of yellow that reflects off the tobacco."

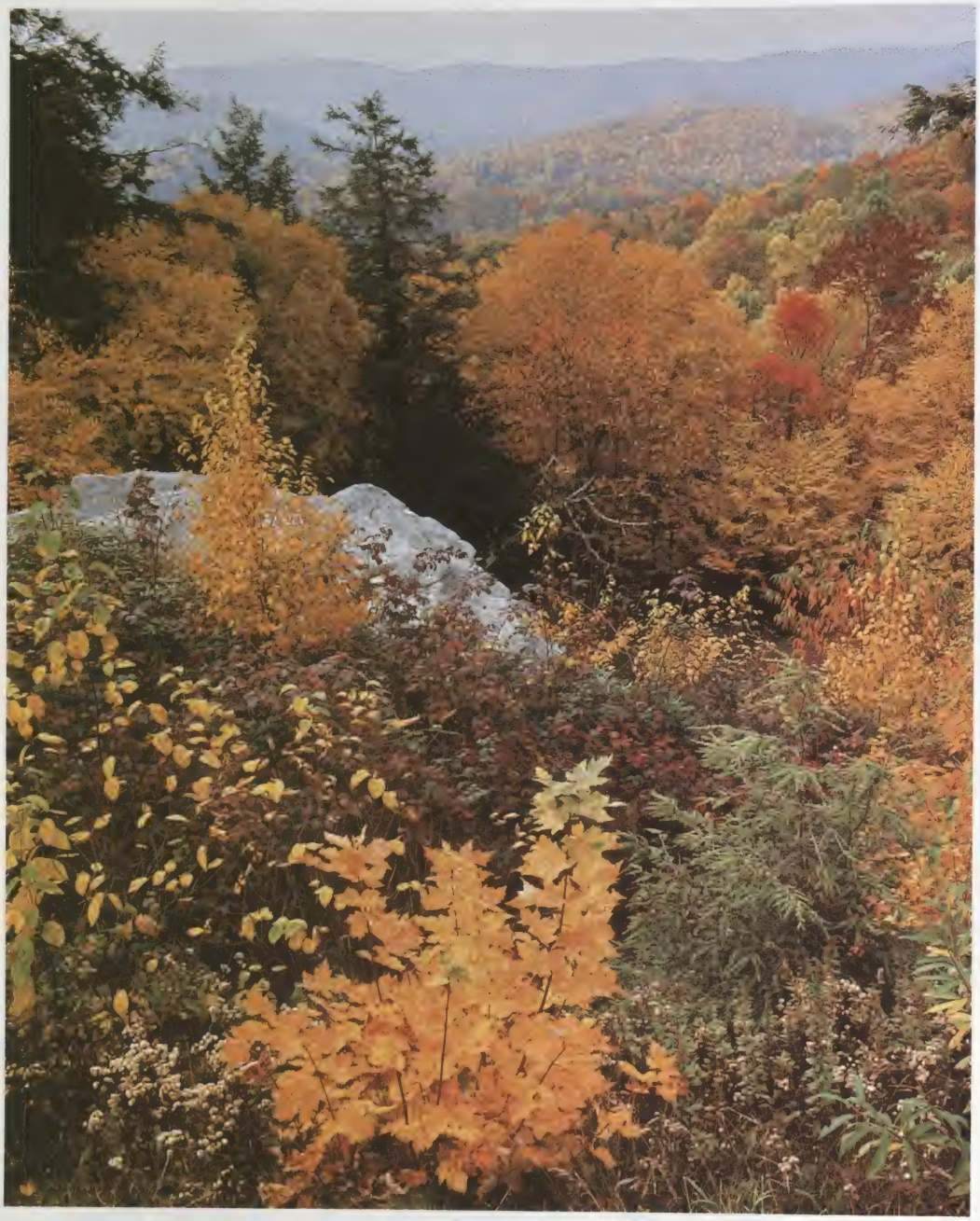
Her original six-week project, begun in 1995, keeps growing. "I have quite a lot of images, about 200 now, I'd say," laughs Wolf. She and her mother are contemplating eventually fashioning the photographs into a book about the children of Russell County and how they see their future.

Courtesy of Laura Wolf

Laura Wolf

Whatever else the future holds, Wolf is certain that there are substantial changes in store for her mother's home county. "They're widening the roads, the population is booming, there's a lot of tourism now, and nobody really knows what's going to happen." People who were born and raised there are moving on, looking for work, while outsiders are discovering the area and moving in. "I'm very concerned, mostly about the environment. It's a very pristine area right now. It's very, very clean and very beautiful," says Wolf. If Wolf and her mother have anything to say about it, this corner of Southwest Virginia will maintain its unspoiled character, no matter what happens next.

— JHW



SING HAILOWAIN BY HOYT SPENCE

Hoyt Spence works as a commercial photographer in Pikeville, Ky., but his real passion is capturing the Appalachian landscape on film. "The landscape, it's always there, and it's always refreshing to me," he says. "Being able to see the image and being able to present it as truly as possible in the print: That to me is the essence of photography."

Spence has deep roots in Eastern Kentucky; his great-great-uncle was Devil Anse Hatfield of Hatfield-McCoy Feud fame. Spence himself left the region briefly to study painting at the University of New Mexico. Initially he shot pictures to serve as reference photographs for his painting, but he realized that he could create many more photographic images in the time it took him to produce one on canvas. Now he paints only rarely.

The photographer routinely roams the Appalachian mountain range. "In the spring, I start in the south and work north. In the fall, I start in the north and work south," he reports. Although he has traveled as far as Canada, he now concentrates on the central and southern portions of the chain, from Pennsylvania to Georgia.

"I think you should go to a location — never even take the camera — and just work from there," the photographer advises. "Just get to know it, walk around it, live with it, sleep on it, work with it — you'll be back again. After all that, you'll have it in your heart what you need to find there. And if you don't, you don't — but take a lot of pictures."

In all of the images he submitted, Spence tried to show the beauty of Appalachia. "That's something a lot of people don't exactly see, unless they see it on postcards and from the calendar artist's perspective, which is pretty canned. There are no people, no animals, no fences, no barns in my pictures. I try to stay as far away as I can from this calendar art perspective," he says.

The title of Spence's prize-winning photograph, "Sing Hailowain," comes from a Cherokee coming-of-age tradition. According to the photographer, when a Cherokee boy is ready to become a man, he goes alone into the woods. "To comfort his aloneness, he sings a song, and this song is called 'Hailowain.' It is a song about knowing the world around you." Although he doesn't claim any Native American ancestry, Spence finds that "when you're alone in the woods a lot, you start to think of all the people who lived there in the millenniums before you."

"Sing Hailowain" is part of a series of 30- x 40-inch Cibachrome prints entitled "I Wish I'd Spoken to Her" that Spence has been working on for the past 11 years. A proposed five-year tour of the exhibit fell through when the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) funding was drastically cut in the 1995-1996 fiscal year.

SECOND PRIZE - COLOR
WILLIAM KING REGIONAL ARTS CENTER

HOYT SPENCE
PIKEVILLE, KY.

According to Spence, ever since the NEA experienced its substantial budget cuts, his print sales have fallen off considerably. "It's really a dangerous point right now for photographers," he notes.

Still, he has managed to sell a limited edition of his prints to a Middle Eastern corporation. He continues to sell to business and law firms, and he is trying to find touring opportunities for "I Wish I'd Spoken to Her" through private foundation-sponsored programs.

Ultimately, the artist hopes that his haunting images of the Appalachian landscape will inspire people to "claim stewardship and actually go into the forest and say, 'I am part of these woods,' to try to find fear in them. If you go alone, if you stay long enough, the woods will scare you. If you'll take that step, you'll get a lot further into realizing how small you are. And that's where the fear comes from. It's more than respect. It's adoration of God's world, and I don't mean that in the Judeo-Christian sense, necessarily. It's the Great Mystery.

Courtesy of Hoyt Spence

Hoyt Spence

"For a lot of people, unless it's on a postcard in a gift shop or on a calendar, the environment just doesn't exist. It's considered boring. I don't consider it boring," Spence says. "I consider it miraculous."

—JHW

Honorable Mentions

Color

"Dawn, Mingus Mill, Great Smoky Mountains"
Scott Blaylock
Murrells Inlet, S.C.

"Current History"
DeWayne Hall
Bristol, Va.

"Dawson 'Stop-n-Go'"
"Evening Adieu"
&"Small Wonders"
Danita Mullins
Clendenin, W.Va.

"High Country Leisure"
Dean Slaughter
Johnson City, Tenn.

"Mannequin, Erwin, Tenn."
Mike Smith
Johnson City, Tenn.

"Alona Sings to the Heart of Aloaha"
Hoyt Spence
Pikeville, Ky.

"Tour DuPont at Gap Creek"
Susie T. Walker
Johnson City, Tenn.

"Man of the House"
Laura Wolf
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Black & White

"Lilia Maude"
Bonnie Aker
Wise, Va.

"After Neighborhood Meeting"
& "Reflections"
Ken Betsalel
Asheville, N.C.

"Strip Mine"
Robert F. Gates
Charleston, W.Va.

"Moss Sanders"
Jenny Jones
Johnson City, Tenn.

"P.B.'s Roadside Pornos"
John Poteete
Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Elvis Sighting"
Bryan Scott
Hixson, Tenn.

"Three Generations"
& "Sisters"
Rhonda Simpson
Pikeville, Ky.

"Doris"
Mark Wood
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Jenny Jones was out in her backyard one day last fall attempting to photograph two lively sisters, 5-year-old Cory and 6-year old Candra. "I kept telling Cory, 'Move into your sister, Cory. You're not sitting close enough to her. Act like you love her,'" recalls Jones. Cory responded by sticking her head right up against her sibling's. "Well, how about this?" she asked. Jones snapped the picture, and the result was her award-winning photograph, "Cory and Candra Johnson."

Jones has been photographing Cory and Candra, as well as the children of three other families in and around Johnson City, Tenn., for years now. Splitting her time between a part-time job as a licensed practical nurse in cardiovascular services at the Johnson City Medical Center and attending classes at East Tennessee State University (ETSU), Jones found it next to impossible to do projects that required spending days driving around the countryside hoping to find landscapes to shoot.

First Prize - Black & White
FIRST BANK & TRUST

JENNY JONES
JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

"By working with these families, I can say, 'Can I come over Saturday and photograph Cory and Candra?' So what I've been doing is a pictorial essay of these children since they've been born."

Back in the late 1980s, Jones at-

tempted to make a career change. A Jacksonville, Fla., native who has lived in East Tennessee since 1971, she pursued an art degree with an emphasis on photography at ETSU for three years. She also tried to launch a photography business specializing in black-and-white portraits of children. Between July and December, she had more work than she could handle alone, but after Christmas, the calls stopped coming. "We really couldn't go six months without any income," says Jones, who is married to photographer and ETSU art professor Mike Smith and has one son, Colin, 13. "That's when I decided to go back and both work part-time and pursue the nursing degree. I realized that a degree in art wasn't going to be very lucrative." She has hopes, however, of finishing her art degree once she gets through the nursing program.

Pursuing photography as a very serious hobby has its good points. "When I had the business, I didn't spend that much time with the kids. Now I'll tell the parents to leave the children here for a couple of hours. I like natural light, so I photograph outside. We have a spring in our yard, and a lot of times, I'll take a picture of the children while they're playing in the water. I'll tell them a story, and while they're sitting there, I'll just take the photograph of them listening to me, the expressions on their faces. So it's nice."

Jones specializes in children because, she says simply, "I just like children. And I don't like the typical portraits that they make of children now. They do all those 'smiley' pictures. I really want to do a respectful portrait.

Mike Smith

Jenny Jones and the late Chester

CORY AND CANDRA JOHNSON BY JENNY JONES

"Childhood is just a beautiful time in their lives, and I want to make a real special photograph of them, something the parents can look back on. It may be a simple thing that the parents notice in that picture, a certain way the children are holding their hands or their bodies or their feet — you know, those little things that are unique to their children."

Jones chose "Cory and Candra" as one of her submissions to the Fresh Look at Appalachia competition to counter the images of Appalachian children she sees all too often: dirty, wearing tattered clothes, and standing on a dilapidated porch. "Cory and Candra had bright, intelligent little faces, and they were beautiful," the photographer says fondly.

—JHW

Ken Betsalel took a photography class in high school and discovered a love of the art form. The class marked the beginning and the end of his formal training. Betsalel's father, Morris, who worked as a commercial artist in both New York City and Los Angeles, warned him, "You know, there's really no money in fine art photography so you'd better learn to do something else."

He heeded his father's advice, earned degrees at the University of California at Berkeley and Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass., and is now the Sara and Joseph Breman Professor of Social Relations at the University of North Carolina-Asheville. He teaches courses in the humanities, arts and ideas, and political science programs.

While accompanying his wife, cultural anthropologist Heidi Kelley, on a field trip to Latin America in 1992, Betsalel borrowed her camera and made some photographs. One of those images won a prize in a UNESCO competition held in honor of the United Nations' 50th anniversary. Encouraged by the recognition, he has increasingly been using photography during the past five years as a teaching tool.

"Photography leads me into the world and into human relationships," explains Betsalel. For the past five years, he has been documenting neighborhoods and communities in his adopted hometown of Asheville, N.C., then showing the results to his students. Basically, he wants the photographs to spark and personalize discussions about issues, to keep those discussions from becoming too sterile or abstract. "I will introduce the photographs and then we'll start talking about community, about who these people are, about who we are. I very much view photography as a key ingredient in community building because photography, like no other medium, allows us to see ourselves in a moment in time and then raise questions. And I don't really want to answer those questions. I do want to use the image to get us to reflect on who we are."

Betsalel took his prize-winning photograph, "Girl with Boots," as part of a North Carolina Humanities grant project entitled "The Different Faces and Landscapes of Asheville." The project's purpose was to explore the nature of social and community relations in the Asheville area. "Asheville is a unique city because while it *is* a city in Southern Appalachia, in some ways it goes against many of the stereotypes people have about the region, the idea that people have that Appalachia is simply rural or that there isn't any ethnic diversity here."

GIRL WITH BOOTS BY KEN BETSALEL

"Girl with Boots" was taken at a meeting of homeless people sponsored by Hospitality House. Betsalel is on the board of this Asheville-based nonprofit agency dedicated to breaking the cycle of homelessness. The photographs are scheduled to be published in a monograph entitled *As I Know You* with an introduction by novelist and writer Wilma Dykeman. All profits will be donated to Hospitality House.

He chose this particular shot as one of his submissions both because he felt it worked visually and because the subject matter represented a somewhat different take on the region. "It has a kind of grittiness to it, a kind of urban scene feel to it. The homeless folks in the photograph were discussing issues related to their own situation, and this young girl was just this ray of hope. She was exuding such hopefulness in the midst of a lot of despair," observes the photographer.

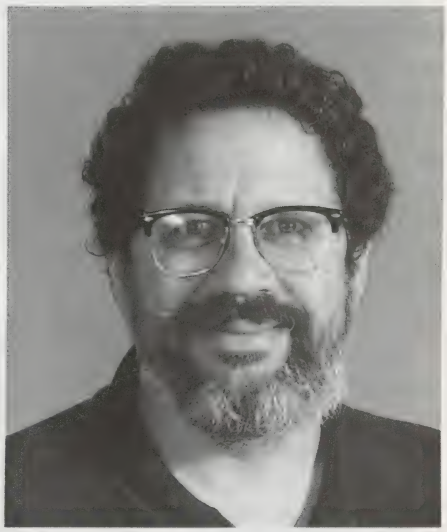
"I hope that this image does go against stereotypes about the region or about the homeless," he says, "though I realize that it might feed into them. And that's always a problem with image-making. I think photography often tells you more about the person who's taking the picture than it does about the world out there. I try to bridge that gap by looking at issues that are important to other people, not just to myself.

"In some ways," he muses, "the best thing is to be silent about what goes into the making of photographs. Just look at the image, at what you are seeing there, and let's talk about that." N&T

—JHW

Second Prize - Black & White
TARGET

KEN BETSALEL
ASHEVILLE, N.C.



Courtesy of Ken Betsalel

Ken Betsalel

Street stock heat, Chickasaw Speedway, Chickasaw County (near Okolona), Miss., 1995.

A Little Weekend Glory

A Photo Essay by Susan Bauer Lee

Photographer Susan Bauer Lee found religion at the Dixie Speedway.

For years, Lee had been interested in photographing various forms of religious expression throughout the South, from roadside memorials dedicated to accident victims to religious graffiti and hand-painted church signs. In 1989, she and her husband Tim moved to Atlanta and fell in with a crowd of people who used every televised NASCAR stock car race as an excuse to gather at each other's homes, have a party, and watch the race.

"Then Tim and I started going to the races in Atlanta, and we would do the infield scene," recollects Lee, who was born in Gadsden, Ala., and raised in southern Mississippi. "We would camp out inside the track for the entire weekend. It's not like camping out in the great outdoors.

A photographer roams the region, chronicling dirt track racing.

You're surrounded by 100,000 of your best friends. You know, you basically go and live the race."

Discovering Dirt Track

Eventually the couple discovered the Dixie Speedway in Woodstock, Ga., just north of Atlanta in Cherokee County. There they discovered the joys of dirt track racing. In the world of stock car racing, which involves racing cars that at least resemble standard production passenger cars, dirt track racing represents what Lee calls the "grassroots arena. It's basically where stock car racing started," she notes.

In contrast to NASCAR racing with its paved courses, dirt track racing takes place on carefully groomed dirt tracks located throughout the country and ranging in length from roughly a quarter to a little over a half mile. There are some professional racers, such as Scott Bloomquist of Mooresburg, Tenn., who race "dirt late models" specifically designed for racing on dirt; these drivers compete for prizes from $5,000 to $50,000. Many of the drivers, however, are local amateurs. In the lowest divisions, a weekend racer can take a well-used four-cylinder car such as a Ford Pinto and for $1,000 transform it into a race-ready "pony stock." They then compete for prize money in the $300 to $800 neighborhood.

"On the first trip there, it hadn't even occurred to me to photograph. We were

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Street stock heat lineup, Moulton Speedway, Moulton, Ala., 1996.

Bedrock Racing Team, New Rome Speedway, Rome, Ga., 1995.

Jamie New (l) and crewman, street stock class, Chickasaw Speedway, 1995.

The scales, Chickasaw Speedway, 1995.

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just going for fun," Lee says. "But then I started seeing the cars with religious messages on them, messages like 'Jesus Is Lord' and 'Believe or Burn'—and I just went nuts. You know, aside from this type of racing being a whole lot of fun and really cool, here was something that I'd been interested in photographing for years. So the next time I went back, I took my camera."

Folk Art on Wheels

Six years later, Lee's interest has grown beyond the religious messages painted on the cars to the whole racing scene itself. A senior graphics designer at the Center for the Study of Southern Culture at the University of Mississippi in Oxford, Miss., Lee and her husband have gone to races from the Eldora Speedway in Rossburg, Ohio, down to the Lone Star Speedway in Kilgore, Tex., and the Volusia County Speedway in Barberville, Fla. They support their habit by collaborating on freelance features for racing publications, such as *Dirt Late Model*, *Trackside,* and *Behind the Wheel.* Tim, an elementary school teacher in Oxford, writes the copy to accompany his wife's photographs.

"I find dirt track racing more interesting than NASCAR," says Lee. "There's more drama, and you're able to get a lot closer to it, no matter who you are. With the Winston Cup NASCAR races, you've got to be somebody or know somebody to even get in the pit, much less have a garage pass and access to the drivers. With dirt track, anybody can buy a pit pass ticket to the race. That allows you access to the entire pit area, wherever you want to go pretty much." It's not uncommon to see people walking around the pit with their arms loaded up with bags of souvenirs for the drivers to sign. "You'll see people with drivers' autographs all over their shirts," Lee laughs. "It's a lot more interesting scene, I think."

Although she photographs the more professional dirt late models for her journalistic assignments, her first love is the lower division, cars such as pony stocks — the overhauled Pintos for example — or the larger bodied, six-cylinder street stocks, most often represented by Chevrolet Camaros. "The people are a lot more creative with those kinds of cars. Because there's less money involved with them, they basically do what they want with them. The cars themselves become a form of folk art. They can write on there 'Joe Blow's Bait Shop and Barbecue' or 'Hakuna Matata' from *The Lion King* or 'Life in the fast lane with God as my pilot.' Along with religious messages, you find sponsors, the names of crew members, wives, kids, and friends, memorials, threats, slogans, or political opinions. I like those visually."

Baring Souls

Most photographers who shoot at dirt track races emerge with lots of pictures of the cars themselves. "What I've been trying to do is get beyond that and get to the people who are involved," explains Lee, "get to what's inside of them, get to who they are, and what they do."

Although both women and men are avid race fans, most of the competitors are white males. The professional racers, the photographer finds, are driven by a powerful sense of competition. "It's almost an obsession to win," she says. Although the more local amateur racers also display a strong desire to win, they're mostly just out there having a good time. "It's a little weekend glory," observes Lee.

"Because I photograph dirt racing from an artistic perspective, my images are pretty unique," she continues. "I have been told that my photographs bare souls—I don't know about that, but I've gotten some pretty strong images of some pretty important drivers." N&T

—Interview by Jane Harris Woodside

Fans sitting in Turn 1, Chickasaw Speedway, 1993.

Mr. Norwood, street stock, Chickasaw Speedway, 1995

Crawling

By mid-August our bare feet
kicked up scarves of dust along the streambed,
where the game was daring each other

through the long culvert under Rt. 80.
Four or five of us ran together, summer before fifth grade,
to taunt our fears into submission,

and one of the terrors was that forty-foot reach
of dead air and crouching shadows,
and trucks overhead rattling our bones.

We banged our end of the pipe with sticks,
to drive, we said, copperheads in the other direction,
and then the chosen boy,

who might have been any one of us
in the random malice of ten-year-olds,
had to go down on his knees and navigate the two-foot pipe,

gag back the stink
of mold and rust and rotting weeds.
Crawling, we sweated through the stagnant heat,

afraid of snakes, afraid
of broken bottles poking up through the sand and trash,
toward the thumbnail of light we aimed for,

and which existed to prove strength and courage.
No matter who was on his knees,
we all crawled with him in our heads,

fighting off the thigh cramps, slicking sweat
from the sting in our eyes,
expecting a snake to part the air before us.

Whoever wriggled from that pipe
and stood free in the sweet air knew something,
had learned what we all knew by then,

but all kept coming back to find out —
that long crawl from light and back to light,
how the day on both sides was the same day,

there in the open, beside the road, waiting.

— James Owens

James Owens is a newspaper editor in rural Southwest Virginia. Recent poems have appeared in Fugue, The Plastic Tower, *and* Lilliput Review.

The Power of the Photographer's Lens

by Marie Mollohan

Courtesy of Patrick Mollohan and Frances Brown Lunceford

The picture frame was made of a dark wood that curved and swirled in points and angles. The glass was convex, like the glass face of a pocket watch. The swirls, the colors — all bespoke a time long passed. Under the glass was a photograph of a baby, a child who appeared to be about eight months old.

Dressed in a little shirt and diapers, with a blanket spread roundabout in folds, the child looked off pensively to the right of the camera. Since I often visited the house at Christmastime, I thought the picture must surely be a likeness of the Christ Child.

Once, when I was about seven or eight, I gathered my courage and, over my mother's shushes, asked, "Who is that?"

"That's our baby," my hostess replied. As she looked up at the small face, she added, "He died not long after that picture was taken."

To my young eyes, she herself always looked like an angel. Her face was smooth, and her silver hair curled in a plaited knot at the back of her head. As I grew up, I saw her pass gracefully through her 70s and then her 80s and finally into her 90s. During all those years, she had the softest, most beautiful voice I ever heard.

Her husband also had a soft voice. I sometimes wondered if they ever lifted those gentle voices in a marital argument. My perceptive eyes soon discovered that they argued, they encouraged, they cautioned simply by the way they lifted their eyebrows to one another.

There were other photos in that tiny living room, pictures of their other eight children, of their grandchildren, and their great-grandchildren, but the picture of the baby in its old-fashioned frame held dominance over the other pictures, over the very room.

As Shelby dreamed in *Steel Magnolias,* the old woman sat there "covered in grandchildren," tall beautiful grandchildren with music in their voices and spirit in their stride. Yet often I would see her eyes go to that picture, caress that face of paper.

My mother and I usually visited each Christmas, and while they talked to my mother in their soft voices about the weather and health and relatives, I would gaze at the few items in that living room and at the large picture of the baby. The walls of time would simply melt away for me, and I would be in a little farmhouse with a kerosene lamp on the table and the roar of the river outside the window. There was corn in the field that needed to be hoed and firewood that had to be carried in for the cookstove. The supper was cooked and set on the back of the stove to stay warm. The table was set, and at any moment, those laughing children, all eight of them, would rush through the door, laughing and calling a greeting to their mother.

I would look up from that dream and see her smiling at me. I wondered if she could see and hear the same shadows when she looked at the picture of her son.

I probably learned what few social graces I possess in that tiny room: to sit up straight, to answer when spoken to, to speak clearly so that old ears could hear and understand. I also learned to be curious about the past, especially the past in which this couple had lived.

Over the years, after repeated questions, I learned the baby had died in 1918. Still later, I read about the flu epidemic of that year, how soldiers had carried the virus home from the Great War and entire communities were devastated by the resulting illness. I also came to realize the pain and the comfort that picture gave her, how when all her eight children were gathered around her in the little house, there was always an empty spot, a longing for the baby who could not stay, the second oldest son who would have supported her in her old age.

There was always an empty spot, a longing for the baby who could not stay.

For her, that picture was the evidence of what was and the promise of what might have been if there had been no epidemic so very long ago. For the little girl who came to sit on the sofa beside her, that picture was a priceless window into the past. By the power of the photographer's lens, this baby boy lived on to touch both our lives nearly 60 years after his own had ended. N&T

A native of Sutton, W.Va., Marie Mollohan is a part-time English teacher who has just published a novel, Death of The Circuit Rider. *The book was inspired by a family story told to Mollohan by her father.*

The Hunter Son

For James Dickey and Doug Goddard

Scarcely eight (going on manhood)
he stalks the doe with wobbly knees
and parting the grass, advances
as the wind breathes caution in his ears.

Slowly he counts to himself one two three
then stops.
The doe listens raises her eyes gone
dark with danger.

And though death swarms
like gnats around her
twitching white tail,
she hears no noise, no sound
break but that of twigs
cracking nervous under hooves.

Sweating,
hair raises on my arms.
And crouching in the weeds like
the shadow of a frightened snake
I crane my neck stiff to see
the face of my hunter son.

Slowly darkness slants over him reaches
under his eyes now white
in bloodless resurrection.

For they have risen there,
the dead sons,
have waited for the scent of life
to rise escape until now
without a sound
they work like dreams
to shape the face
of my only son.

Yet there is no way not
to know I am the one.
On a stage of pinestraw
I have cast him
in a role
that calls for blood.

And now he acts
from stillness lifts
his arms finds
the doe spilling
over in his sights

Soon to hear the thunder
of a clap
unless—

I raise my lens
Fire

A still life
shot to save
us both

And he is left
standing
on a land escaped
as the doe
bounds away
with a shudder
and a click.

—Edward Francisco

Ed Francisco's collection entitled L(ie)fe Boat *won the 1994 poetry chapbook competition sponsored by Bluestone Press of Amherst, Mass. His poems have appeared in* Now & Then, The Southern Review, International Poetry Review, *and* Mudfish, *among others.*

ETSU

News CASS

Newsletter of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services • East Tennessee State University

Archives of Appalachia

CARROLL REECE MUSEUM

Summer/Fall 1997

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Encyclopedia Meeting Held, pp. 4-5

Linear Parks Conference Planned, p. 10

SURVEY RESULTS PROVIDE POSITIVE INPUT FOR CENTER

If you are a Center member, you're likely to be a highly-educated, female baby boomer from one of the 13 Appalachian states, and you generally appreciate the work the Center does. That seems to be one of the conclusions of a recent Center survey.

Working on the premise that the Center can better serve its members if it has a clear picture of who they are, Center staff conducted the survey last January. Some 21 percent of Center members returned a questionnaire designed with the invaluable assistance of the membership advisory committee.

Approximately 59 percent of the respondents are female. Eighty-six

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Photo by Henry Wilson

Photographer and author Jeanne Rasmussen's collection is one of several featured in an article on photography collections in the Archives of Appalachia. See page 7.

ARCHIVES RECEIVES GENEROUS DONATION

Mary H. Bogart, of Erwin, already a strong supporter of the archives' program, recently made a gift of $1,000 to the Archives of Appalachia. Earlier, Mrs. Bogart donated the papers of her father William Cary Hattan, chief engineer in the construction of the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio Railway, to the archives. The addition of this collection enhanced the significant holdings of the archives on the history of railroads in the region. Mrs. Bogart is the co-author with her husband Frank of the war reminiscence, *Till War Us Do Part.*

"The Archives of Appalachia has benefited from Mrs. Bogart's generous gifts over the years. Her father's papers, which she donated earlier, contain wonderful photographs which researchers will find most valuable for documenting the history of railroad development in the region," said Norma Myers, archives head. "Her financial gift will be equally important in helping the archives fulfill its mission of service to Appalachia."

The Center and the archives want to extend a special "thank you" to Mrs. Bogart. ◆

Survey, continued from page 1

percent are over 35 years of age, with 30 percent checking off the 35-49 year category, followed closely by 29 percent falling into the 50-59 year range, and 26 percent who were 60 and over. More than 90 percent are currently living in an Appalachian state. More than 50 percent gave Tennessee as their state of residence.

As noted earlier, Center members appear to be a highly-educated group. More than 90 percent are college graduates; almost 65 percent have advanced degrees. Majors listed range from the arts to engineering. The majority of majors were concentrated in education, the social sciences, and the humanities. More than a fifth majored or double-majored in English, American Literature, or Comparative Literature.

There was a range of occupations. Responses included veterinarian, storyteller, minister, insulator, reporter, chiropractor, homemaker, and artist, just to name a few. The leading response, at 20 percent, was "faculty member," and most of these faculty members are employed by colleges and universities located in the region. Twelve percent of respondents are retired.

Considering the substantial number of faculty members, it was not surprising that nearly 30 percent of the respondents are employed in some capacity by a college or university. The second highest response was the 15 percent who listed themselves as "self-employed." Approximately 76 percent of the respondents who chose to report household annual incomes make over $35,000.

Comments regarding Center programs were overwhelmingly positive. "You're doing a great job in your focus on and study of Appalachia and Appalachian heritage," wrote one member. "*Now & Then* is excellent, and CASS is a model program" was the opinion of another. "Carry On!," instructed a third.

Thanks for your words of encouragement and your cooperation. ◆

All survey respondents who supplied their names and contact information had their forms placed in a yellow-and-blue, genuine ETSU bookstore bag. ETSU student worker Debbie Walker drew out the slips of the five fortunate winners of a year's free Center membership. And the winners are ...

Aubrey Lee
Johnson City, Tenn.

Bill Muller
Bristol, Tenn.

Toumonava Nelson
Unicoi, Tenn.

Bruce Steinbicker
Asheville, N.C.

Greg Wallace
Bluff City, Tenn.

Greg Wallace, special projects producer at WCYB-TV5 in Bristol, Va., was particularly elated. "I've never won anything before in my life," he exclaimed. May this be just the beginning of a long, long streak of good luck.

NewsCASS, the joint newsletter of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, the Archives of Appalachia, and the Reece Museum at East Tennessee State University, is published three times a year. Center members receive *NewsCASS* as part of the benefits of membership.

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THE IMAGE OF APPALACHIA: PHOTOGRAPHY COLLECTIONS IN THE ARCHIVES OF APPALACHIA

Photo from Appalachian Photographic Archive

"Child of the Past Looking Forward"

The image of Appalachia is often distorted and stereotypical. Photographs can help define more accurately the nature of life in the region. Many collections in the Archives of Appalachia contain such useful photographs. The following is a guide to some of the more important sources for researchers seeking to discover a more honest image of Appalachia.

Various manuscript collections contain photographic images of the region as prints, negatives, or slides. Scenes of local history are found in collections of such professional photographers as the **James Garvin Ellis Negatives Collection**, which consists of over 7,000 negatives taken by Ellis while serving as chief photographer for the *Johnson City Press-Chronicle* and includes scenes depicting life in the Johnson City, area (1958-60) related to a variety of topics and individuals; the **Burr Harrison Photographs Collection,** containing prints and negatives taken or collected by this Johnson City, photographer during the first half of the 20th century, whose images depict area scenes, individuals, and businesses; and the **Clifford A. Maxwell Photographs Collection** of negatives and prints examining Johnson City and Washington Co., individuals, scenes, and structures related to life in the area, c. 1940-86.

The **Elizabethton Star Negatives Collection** contains a large collection of newspaper photographs of the area and its people between 1956 and 1968. The **Kyle Huddle Photograph Collection** consists of photographs depicting industry, churches, and civic leaders of Kingsport, in the period 1910-30. Likewise, the **Kelly and Green Company Collection** has prints and negatives made by this Bristol, Va.-based photographic company depicting Bristol, Tenn.-Va. schools, churches, and businesses (1905-40). The **Mildred S. Kozsuch Photograph Collection** contains prints revealing various scenes,

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SEPTEMBER PICNIC SET FOR FORM MEMBERSHIP

On Saturday, September 13, Friends of the Reece Museum (FORM) will host a membership party. The event will honor long-time and new members of FORM with food, fun, and festivities. The ETSU Bluegrass band will provide entertainment, along with **Stevan Jackson** performing Celtic music. The Scottish Country Dancers will demonstrate a variety of traditional Scottish dances; members of the audience are invited to join in the action.

Ample barbecue, side orders, and beverages will be provided, all contributed from area restaurants and other businesses, and door prizes will be presented to five fortunate FRIENDS. The picnic will give FORM members the opportunity to mingle with each other, as well as meet members of the FORM board and the museum staff.

FORM provides valuable support to the museum through monetary contributions to general support and to the FORM Art Scholarship endowment. Members of FORM also serve as volunteers and docents and provide other assistance throughout the program year. FORM members receive advance notification of events, copies of *NewsCASS* and *Now and Then* three times annually, and reduced rates on FORM Discovery Tours and workshops.

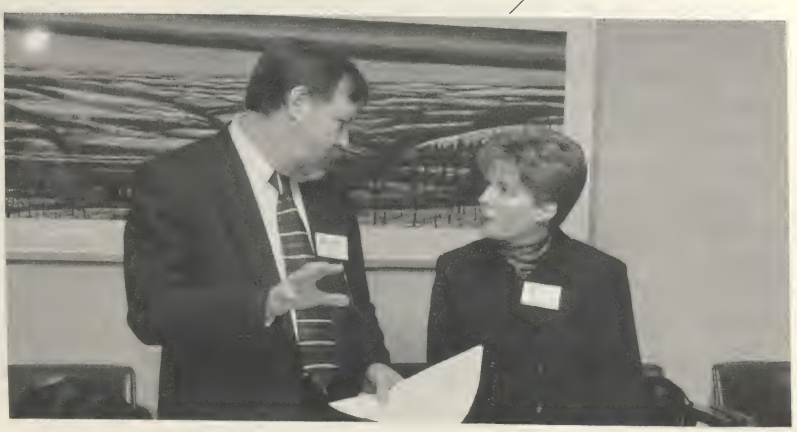
For more information about the FORM barbecue, or on becoming a member of FORM, please call the Reece Museum at 423-439-4392. ◆

DRAWING TO PROGRESS ENCYCLOPEDIA

The Advisory and Editorial boards for the *Encyclopedia of Appalachia* met recently at the headquarters of the Appalachian Regional Commission in Washington, D. C. The following photographs capture some of the highlights of the meeting.

Dr. Jesse White, Federal Co-chair of the Appalachian Regional Commission and Advisory Board member, welcomes the group to the ARC headquarters.

Advisory Board member Noah Adams of National Public Radio offers a suggestion, as novelist Lee Smith and Dr. Gordon McKinney, director, Appalachian Center at Berea College, listen.



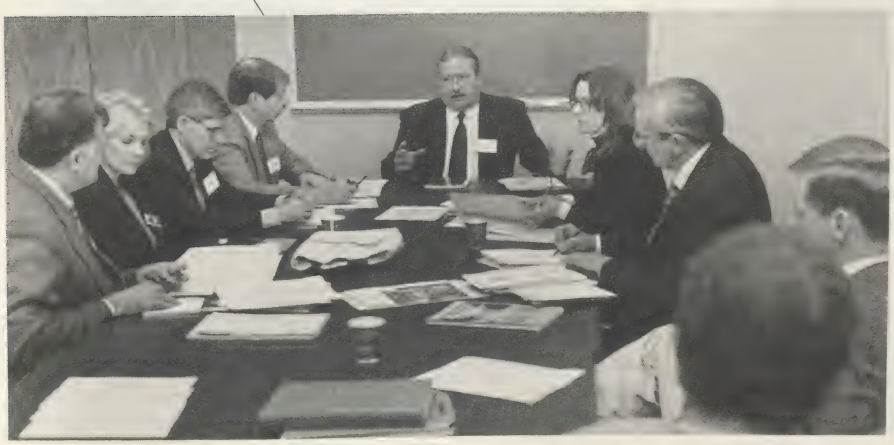
Dr. Ron Eller, director of Appalachian Center, University of Kentucky and Editorial Board member, confers with Jennifer Siler, director of the University of Tennessee Press, which will publish the encyclopedia.

Photos courtesy of Marvin T. Jones & Associates

Encyclopedia co-editor and Center director, Dr. Jean Haskell Speer reviews plans for the project with board members.

THE CENTER: CONTINUES ON *OF APPALACHIA*

Advisory Board members Wilma Dykeman, noted author and lecturer, and Ross Spears, director of the James Agee Film Project, share stories at the meeting.



Mike Epley, executive director of the Appalachian Consortium, gives a report to the Administration Committee when the Center hosted the winter meeting of the regional association at ETSU. The Consortium unites 19 colleges, universities, governmental and nonprofit agencies from the Appalachian region for purposes of research and service to the region. The Consortium has endorsed the *Encyclopedia of Appalachia* project.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

CHARLES GUNTER, JR. COLLECTION
1997. 21 audiotapes. Addition.
Consists of oral history interviews by Gunter's students with individuals on subjects such as moonshining, childhood in the mountains, family histories, change in East Tennessee, Butler, Tenn., Ripshin Mountain, gathering ginseng, antique dealing, and Sycamore Shoals. Donated by Charles Gunter, Jr., Department of Geography, Geology, and Geomatics, ETSU.

EDWIN W. KENNEDY PAPERS
1897-1932 and undated. 1 ft.
Consists of papers of ETSU's first professor of history and includes notebooks with notes and essays on various historical topics, correspondence, index cards of historical notes and bibliographies, and an 1897 yearbook of the Women's College of Baltimore (later known as Goucher College). Donated by Kennedy's niece, Mrs. Dorothy Kennedy Whitlock Wood, Jonesborough, Tenn.

MARY MANNING INTERVIEW
1996. 2 items.
Consists of two audiocassette recordings of an exit interview with Mary Manning, Department of English, ETSU, conducted by Marie Graves. Manning discusses her life and work at the university. Donated by Marie Graves, Department of Philosophy and Humanities, ETSU.

RICHTER H. MOORE, JR. PAPERS
1956-70. 1 ft.
Consists of papers of former ETSU professor of history and political science and includes campaign literature, newsclippings, pamphlets, brochures, and correspondence relating to such subjects as the Young Democrats Club of ETSU and campaign activities of the local and state Democratic Party, as well as politics in Johnson City, Tenn., and Yancey Co., N. C. Donated by Carolyn Moore, Jonesborough, Tenn.

SOUTHERN EMPOWERMENT PROJECT RECORDS
1986-93. 3 ft. Addition.
Consists of correspondence, donor lists, activity reports, agreements, training materials, meeting minutes, and financial records related to operations and training activities for community activists. Donated by June Rostan, Maryville, Tenn.

STONEY CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH RECORDS
1841-73. 1 item.
Consists of a photocopy of a typed transcript of the minutes of the Stoney Creek Baptist Church in Carter Co., Tenn. Donated by Dr. Chesla Sharp, Department of English, ETSU.

The archives thanks the following for donations of materials to the department recently: Lexie Blackburn, Kristine Harper Bowers, Dr. Thomas Burton, Dr. Ronnie Day, Allen Ellis, Dr. Ellen Garrison, John Goodin, Frank H. Maynard, Charles Moore, Teri Sloat, Edward G. Speer, J. Allen Thomas, Lori Hofmann Thomas, Western Historical Manuscript Collection (University of Missouri-Rolla), and Dr. Frank B. Williams, Jr. ◆

Archives of Appalachia

Members are invited to make donations of materials having historical and cultural significance for Southern Appalachia and its people, as well as financial contributions to the Archives of Appalachia Fund and to the Tom Daniels Memorial Fund (for archives media projects). For further information, phone (423) 439-4338 or write Archives and Special Collections, at the address below.

❑ Archives of Appalachia Fund Amount _____
❑ Tom Daniels Memorial Fund Amount _____

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/ZIP_____

Please make checks payable to the specific fund named and mail to Archives of Appalachia, ETSU Box 70665, Johnson City TN 37614-0665.

AFTER SCHOOL PROGRAM SET

ARTSPLORATION, the popular after-school arts program designed to supplement the arts instruction of the school system, returns to the Reece Museum beginning in September. Under the able instruction of Kathy Deakins, the program is offered to grades 1-4 on Tuesday afternoons. On Thursdays, classes are open to students in grades 5-8.

The Tennessee Association of Museums recognized the Reece Artsploration program at its 1997 annual meeting with an Honorable Mention in the Publications- Special or Novelty category. Plans for the 1997-98 series of classes include photography, painting, animation, drawing, silk screen design, and much more.

Class size is limited to afford each student ample time for individualized instruction. Instructional supplies are included in the class fees of $35 per four-week session. Enroll your child early to ensure participation in these exciting and artfully informative classes. ◆

MUSEUM'S FUND-RAISING EVENT PROVES A SUCCESS

"Mesches and Jazz After Dark," the April 10th gala fund-raising event for the endowment of the Friends of the Reece Museum Art Scholarship, was an evening to be remembered. Response was good, with ticket sales bringing in more than $3,300. The sale of advertisements in the printed program netted $850, for a total of over $4,150 to be added to the endowment fund.

The FORM Art Scholarship was established when funds were no longer available for the Deborah Jean Brightly Art Scholarship, which had been awarded annually since 1969. Not only has the new endowment been augmented through fund-raising events but also by the Friends of the Reece Museum, which voted to donate half of all membership dues collected for a three-year period to the endowment fund.

With 80 patrons in attendance, as well as exhibiting New York artist Arnold Mesches, the event proved to be both exciting and educational. A scavenger hunt in which guests were required to scan Mesches' paintings for obscure details, set up an atmosphere of competition for the grand prize, an evening in Abingdon, Va., which included Barter Theatre tickets, dinner at the Starving Artist Cafe, and a night at the Martha Washington Inn. Mark and Kay Sirois were the lucky winners. Numerous door prizes were awarded after Mr. Mesches talked briefly about his work. The evening included marvelous hors d'oeuvres and desserts and the smooth sounds of Doug Bennett on the Reece's Steinway.

In its mission to bring the best of exhibits and educational opportunities to our campus, community, and region, the Reece Museum is fortunate to have the generosity and support of its patrons. This support was evidenced in the many hours our "Friends" spent

continued on page 11

Image, continued from page 3

individuals, and aspects of life in the Johnson City/ Jonesborough area, c. 1860-1940.

Useful images, though not clearly identified, will be found in the **Erlene Ledford Photographs Collection** depicting individuals, families, landscapes, and other scenes primarily of the East Tennessee region in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

The **Robert Bell Collection** examines in photographs lumber operations in the Limestone Cove area of Washington and Unicoi counties in the early part of this century, while the **Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Edwards Photographs Collection** studies operations of the W. M. Ritter Lumber Co. in Virginia and West Virginia, 1904-46. The **Charles C. Tiller Photographs Collection** depicts operations of the Ritter company in southwest Virginia, 1924-38.

Several collections depict the construction and operation of railroad lines in the region. Scenes often illustrate depots, engines, rail lines, rail crews, etc. These include the **Henry Blackwell Photographs** showing the 1940 flood in Western North Carolina and its effects on the Linville River Railway; the **James T. Dowdy, Sr. Photographs Collection** with images relating to three Appalachian railroads: the East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, Linville River, and the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio. The **James A. Goforth Collection** includes photographic negatives and prints depicting railway construction and views of rail routes on the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio Railway in North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, 1906-15.

Important collections of contemporary photographers include the images of **Kenneth Maynard Murray** relating to the land and people of southern Appalachia, including individuals, landscapes, and such subjects as agriculture, coal mining, crafts, and music, among others. The **Jeanne M. Rasmussen Collection** includes photographs and negatives related to Rasmussen's career as a photographer and writer and reflects her interests in coal mining, life in the Appalachian coal fields, the Buffalo Creek, W. Va. flood of 1972, and images from her Smithsonian-sponsored exhibit, "Appalachian Faces."

Other collections depict specific places and periods of the region's history. The **Norris Dam Construction Photographs** depict the early construction work (1933-36) on Norris Dam, the first of the Tennessee Valley Authority dams constructed in the Tennessee River basin. The **Pressmen's Home Photograph Collection** shows the land and buildings of the Pressmen's Home of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America in Hawkins Co., c. 1907-76. The **Sing Along With Appalachia Collection** contains images taken in the 1930s to preserve aspects of life in areas now part of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park before it was changed forever. Similarly, the **Kenneth C. Spaulding Photographs** preserve rural scenes and life in the areas of Rabun Gap, Ga., Ocoee, and Newfound Gap, Tenn./N.C.

In addition to individual collections, the archives houses two extensive photographic archives arranged by subject: the **APPALACHIAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVE**, containing images related to many topics and individuals connected with southern Appalachia and the **UNIVERSITY PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVE**, housing extensive photographic prints, negatives, and slides revealing the history and development of East Tennessee State University from its opening in 1911. ◆

REECE LUNCH BREAK RETURNS IN SEPTEMBER

Lunch Break at the Reece, which takes place the third Thursday of each month during the regular academic year, will resume on September 18 with lunchtime entertainment for one and all. Established as a means of giving the public a chance to attend concerts of local performing groups, musicians, writers, and other creative talents in a casual atmosphere, Lunch Break has no admission charge. Visitors are also welcomed to bring their lunches and enjoy the entertainment while they eat.

Lunch Break has been a showcase for such regional talent as The Brother Boys, Roger Bailey and the Sophisticated Gentlemen, The Wildwood Dulcimers, Jim and Cheri Miller, Tim Mutschlecner and Anne Cook, Anndrena Belcher, and Lynn Rice-See. Jo Carson, Johnson City author and playwright, has read from her work to the delight of children and adults. Storytellers, folk musicians, instrument makers, and classical and jazz musicians have made their way across our stage as audiences take a break from a busy workday to relax and tap their toes or laugh with glee. The hour-long performances fit easily into lunch schedules; visitors come and go as time allows.

Mark your calendars this fall for Lunch Break at the Reece. The **noontime** entertainment will take place the third Thursday in September, October, and November. Groups are most welcome; however, it is suggested that a representative call the museum beforehand to reserve tables if the members will be bringing their lunches. Performances usually take place downstairs in the museum's Frontier Gallery, which is handicap accessible. Join the fun. Bring your lunch to Lunch Break at the Reece. ◆

Friends of the Reece Museum (FORM)

supports the mission of the Carroll Reece Museum through monetary contributions as well as through the volunteer services of its members. FORM funds acquisitions for museum collections, improvements to facilities, public receptions and lectures, and art scholarships. FORM volunteers assist in museum education programs.

FORM members receive Museum and CASS publications, a membership card, discounts on FORM-sponsored events, and preferred seating at FORM-sponsored lectures and public forums.

❑ FORM Student	$5
❑ FORM Individual	$15
❑ FORM Family	$25
❑ FORM Supporting	$50
❑ FORM Patron	$100
❑ FORM Sustaining	$250
❑ FORM Benefactor	$500 or more

(including private benefactors, business, and industrial patrons)

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/ZIP _____

Please make checks payable to FORM and mail to Reece Museum, ETSU Box 70660, Johnson City TN 37614-0660.

REECE EXHIBIT CALENDAR OFFERS VISITORS VARIETY

Opening August 28th is the Southern Graphic Council 1996 Traveling Exhibition, followed by "Hallowed Ground: Preserving America's Heritage," and "Formulations: A Metals Invitational," which open September 4. These exhibits will run through October 12. The Annual Alumni Exhibit and winners of the *NOW & THEN* Photography Contest are to be displayed next, opening October 23 and continuing through the end of the year, closing December 21.

The 38 prints from members of the **Southern Graphics Council** offer the viewer a cross section of contemporary printmaking, illustrating a wide range of approaches to image making, from the representational to the non-objective. Included are traditional prints, such as etchings, relief prints, monotypes, and lithographs, as well as prints using photographic and digital processes.

"Hallowed Ground" is a photographic exhibition of selected images from the book by the same title written by **Rudy Abramson**, former Washington, D. C. correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times* and co-editor of the projected *Encyclopedia of Appalachia*. Abramson's book provides a comprehensive historic tour of Virginia's northern Piedmont. This tour of people, place, and history is richly illustrated with photographs by Kenneth Garrett and Jack Kotz. The photographs were exhibited at the Smithsonian Institution from September 1996-February 1997 and are traveling to other venues.

The metals invitational, "Formulations," is guest curated by **David Logan**, chair of the ETSU Department of Art and Design. Invitations for this exhibit were extended to metalworkers who have made significant contributions to the field of art metals over the past four decades. Many of these metalsmiths continue teaching in university programs and producing new works as well.

The Annual Alumni Exhibit features the paintings of **Bill Nickels** and photographs by **Larry Smith**. Nickels' exhibit will include selections from the "View From West Poplar Street..." series, a collection of works which he began in 1991. Larry Smith has been making photographs at ETSU for twenty years, having begun with University Relations as a student worker. His exhibit includes images reflecting these years at the university. ◆

Memberships in the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services

MEMBERSHIPS GIVE YOU NOW & THEN AND MUCH MORE

Membership in the Center provides public recognition of your generosity and your support for our work in the Appalachian region. No matter what size the investment, a contribution to the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services through membership brings important returns. Your benefits of membership are:

- Members receive three issues of the Center's magazine, ***Now & Then***, to keep you abreast of Appalachian issues and the best in Appalachian writing and photography.
- Members receive the Center's newsletter, ***NewsCASS***, three times a year. Members are publicly acknowledged in the newsletter once each year.
- Members receive special member rates and discounts on books, recordings, and other publications or productions, study tours, study abroad, conferences, and programs.

In addition, your membership provides the Center with these benefits:

- Memberships help us conduct the Center's multiple programs and projects in teaching, research, and service in the Appalachian region.
- Members have opportunities for participating in Center projects as volunteers.

Center Membership/*Now & Then*

❑ **CASS Student Associates** (for undergraduate and graduate students)	**$10**	
❑ **CASS Friends**	**$15**	
❑ **CASS Institutional Affiliate** (libraries, etc.) ___ Payment enclosed ____ Please bill	**$20**	
❑ **CASS Contributors**	**$25**	
❑ **CASS Associates**	**$50**	
❑ **CASS Partners**	**$100**	
❑ **CASS Patrons**	**$250**	or more
❑ **CASS Corporate Partners**	**$500**	or more

Donations in excess of $15 may be tax deductible.

Friends of the Center are also encouraged to support specific programs with special funds already established for them.

YES! I'd like to make an additional contribution of $_____ to:

- ❑ Appalachian Studies Curriculum
- ❑ Appalachian-Scottish & Irish Studies Program
- ❑ Country and Bluegrass Music Program

Other ways to contribute to the center:
Scholarships • Fellowships • Memorials & Honor Gifts • Gift Memberships • In-kind and Special Gifts • Employee Matching Gifts • Bequests by Will • Retirement Plans and IRAs • Gifts of Stocks • Gifts of Archival Value, Art, Historical Artifacts

Thank you for your support. Make checks payable to ETSU/CASS and send to CASS, ETSU Box 70556, Johnson City TN 37614-0556.

Please fill out the information below:

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/ZIP_____

❑ **New** ❑ **Renewal**

Please send a gift membership to:

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/ZIP_____

Gift card should read:_____

BLUEGRASS NOTES

The year 1997 has thus far been a remarkable one for the ETSU Bluegrass and Country Music Program and its alumni:

- Three top-selling bluegrass albums reported in *Bluegrass Now* magazine bore the imprint of faculty and alumni of the program-- *Wind To the West* featured **Tim Stafford**; *Now That I've Found You: A Collection* featured **Adam Steffey**, **Barry Bales,** and Stafford in work with Alison Kraus and Union Station; and *It's A Long, Long Road* featured Stafford, with the title song composed by program director, Jack Tottle.
- Alumna **Beth Stevens** and her sister, **April**, made their debut on the nationally-televised portion of the Grand Ole Opry. Their recent debut album, *Sisters*, featured the pair as vocalists and composers. Beth played banjo on the album, and Tottle wrote the liner notes.
- The 1997 Grammy Awards show presented a prime-time television tribute to **Bill Monroe**, the father of bluegrass music, by Vince Gill, Alison Kraus and Union Station (including Steffey and Bales), and Patty Loveless. **Adam** and **Barry** also shared the 1997 Grammy awarded to Gill and Krauss and Union Station for their collaboration on *High Lonesome Sound.*
- Alumnus **Kenny Chesney** scored a national #1 country hit as reported by *Radio and Records* and *The Gavin Report* with his recording of "When I Close My Eyes." The album on which it appears, *All I Need To Know*, recently went "gold," meaning total sales in excess of half-a-million.
- Two highly impressive new albums sure to attract considerable national attention were recently released: *So Long, So Wrong* by Alison Kraus and Union Station (with Steffey and Bales), the first album of newly-recorded material from the group since 1993, with Steffey doing some lead singing; and **Rob Ickes'** *Hard Times*, featuring Stafford, Steffey, and Bales, with liner notes by Tottle.
- Along with extensive regional media coverage of the program's activities, national exposure has come in interviews and articles in *Acoustic Guitar* (in an article called "Bluegrass U") and the *New York Times*. *Bluegrass Music Cookbook*, a new book from John F. Blair Publishers of Winston-Salem, N. C., features recipes from Stafford, Steffey, Bales, and Tottle and includes a section on the ETSU program.
- In the past, any student seeking to qualify for a music

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"HERITAGE CORRIDOR" TO BE STUDIED BY PARKS CONFERENCE

The theme of this year's Linear Parks Conference, Sept. 11-13 at Lake Junaluska, N. C., will be **"A Blue Ridge Heritage Corridor: Celebrating Our Past, Creating Our Future."** Historians of the southern Appalachian region know that the original route for the Blue Ridge Parkway was pushed hard to come through Tennessee and enter the Smokies from Gatlinburg. Today, the Blue Ridge Parkway hosts more than 20 million visitors a year. It is a major industry, a major cultural heritage, and has a major impact on the region.

The conference is interested in developing the dialogue for the future of those institutions that have the same kind of impact as the Parkway. Because it was originally the result of the social climate of the nation… in what is now a growing forest of second-homes …the corridor's future, the future of areas around it, and the future of any project modeled after it, have historical and political implications. Citizens, local officials, business, and educators all have a stake in the preservation as well as the packaging of cultural heritage (the Blue Ridge or any other)—- the umbrella theme of the conference.

Conference sessions will present topics such as: Cultural Heritage; Economic Development; Ecotourism; Heritage Tourism; Natural Resources; Design, Management and Protection; Scenic Resources; Partnerships; Local, Regional and State Agencies and Organizations.

Now & Then magazine's recent issue on "Conserving Appalachia" (Vol. 13, No. 1, Spring 1996) dealt with many of these topics. With the ongoing debate about social engineering, these topics are of concern for action in Jonesborough or Asheville or Gatlinburg (or Johnson City or Kingsport) as well as the Blue Ridge Parkway corridor. As a charter member of the Appalachian Consortium, which organizes the conference, ETSU and its Center for Appalachian Studies and Services feel that the discussions about the future of the Parkway are important to Appalachia, East Tennessee, and for other regional studies.

Sponsored by the **Appalachian Consortium** (704-262-2064), Boone, N. C., the conference is open to the public for a charge. ◆

Now & Then Seeks Issue Submissions

Now & Then seeks submissions for its upcoming issues. For the spring of 1998, we will produce the issue that managing editor and master chef Nancy Fischman has long been anticipating: **Food in Appalachia**. We want to cover the subject of food thoroughly—- from recipes, to articles about the role certain foods have played in Appalachian life, to a survey of the foods people from various parts of the region miss the most when they move away. The deadline is **November 1, 1997**.

We will use the **Appalachian Poetry** in the summer 1998 issue to try to do justice to the wonderful poets and poetry (largely unpublished) in the region. We won't just be publishing poems. We'd like to have the poets provide the kind of context that they do in readings which help the words spring from the page into something living. We'd like to talk with and about the great Appalachian poetry teachers, investigate poetry slams, and explore poetry centers in the region. Use your imagination! The deadline is **March 1, 1998**.

Now & Then, published by the Center, examines in each issue a facet of life in Appalachia. Articles and fiction should not exceed 2,500 words; book reviews should be no more than 750 words. If a self-addressed, stamped envelope with sufficient postage is enclosed, work not selected will be returned. Send submissions and written queries to *Now & Then,* ETSU, Box 70556, Johnson City TN 37614-0556; call 423-439-5348; or send e-mail to woodsidj@etsu-tn.edu. A sample copy of the magazine is available for $4.50.

Now & Then Themes: Now, Why Didn't We Think of This Before?

In January, we sent out a survey to all current Center members to find out who you are and what you are thinking. One member instructed us to "let Center members have input on the themes chosen for *Now & Then."*

What a good idea ...

We are now in the process of setting themes for the years 1999 and 2000. If you have a theme that you think would work well for the magazine, drop us a line. You can mail it to **Jane Woodside**, Editor, *Now & Then*, ETSU/CASS, Box 70556, Johnson City or send e-mail to woodsidj@etsu-tn.edu. ◆

The man who does not read good books has no advantage over the man who can't read them.

...Mark Twain

WETS Expands *Acoustic Revue* Music Format

WETS-FM has expanded its acoustic music format. ***Acoustic Revue*** can now be heard from 12:30-5 p.m., Tuesday through Friday. The expanded program is a mix of bluegrass, traditional and contemporary folk, and other acoustic styles.

"We're happy to be able to present more of the traditional music of our region," says station manager Wayne Winkler. "Program director Phil Leonard has done an outstanding job of developing a format that presents a blend of the traditional with the contemporary." In addition to Leonard, regular program hosts include George Hammond, Bob Hoffman, and Mike Strickland.

Featuring a diverse mix of recorded music, ***Acoustic Revue*** continues to feature live, in-studio performances. Recent on-air guests have included Ras Alan, performing his unique Appalachian reggae; Dave MacKenzie and Adie Gray; Disappear Fear; and Tony Furtado.

If you haven't yet heard the program or aren't aware of its new start time, be sure to check out *Acoustic Revue* every Tuesday through Friday afternoon on WETS-FM, 89.5 MHz.◆

Bluegrass, continued from page 10

scholarship at ETSU had to play classical repertoire. This has now changed. The **Benny Sims Scholarship Fund** for bluegrass and country music students has been fully endowed at $10,400 by the **Birthplace of Country Music Alliance** (BCMA). Funds were raised in part at concerts paying tribute to bluegrass pioneer **Sims** and regionally popular bandleader **Leon Kiser**. A ceremony with BCMA officers and ETSU President Paul Stanton received prominent media coverage. A subsequent fund-raising event, **"Red, White, and Bluegrass,"** was held at ETSU by the University Advancement office. Headlining the evening were **Blue Highway** and the **Stevens Sisters**, who donated their services to support the Sims scholarship. ◆

Fund-raiser, continued from page 7

soliciting door prizes and food, selling advertising, and organizing the evening down to the smallest detail. The unflagging spirit of excitement and cooperation evident in every committee meeting resulted in an event which proceeded smoothly from the guests' arrival to the last door prize announcement. Museum staff thanks all FORM board members, volunteers, and area businesses who donated items, services, or time in order to make the event a success. We could not have done it without you. ◆

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East Tennessee State University
Box 70556
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Charles Alan Watkins

Why Have There Been No Great Appalachian Photographers?

In the early 1970s, people rediscovered the existence of Appalachian photographs and the photographers who created them. Out of relative obscurity emerged not only professional photographers such as Doris Ulmann and Bayard Wootten but also rudimentarily trained, indigenous "picturemen," such as Southwest Virginia's T.R. Phelps.

This resurgence of interest resulted from the general acceptance of photography as a genuine art form. The work of Doris Ulmann, an upper crust New Yorker whose images were so important to the success of Allen Eaton's 1937 *Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands,* found a new audience. The book was a survey of Appalachian crafts.

Shortly afterwards, scholars and the general public alike reacquainted themselves with the important portfolio of mountain images created by Bayard Wootten, originally from New Bern in Eastern North Carolina. Those photographs had first appeared as illustrations in *Backwoods America,* a 1934 book by Charles Morrow Wilson and, in greatly expanded numbers, in Muriel Earley Sheppard's 1935 *Cabins in the Laurel.* Sheppard, who was from Andover, N.Y., and came to Western North Carolina around 1927 with her mining engineer husband, intended *Cabins* to be a romantic memoir of her life.

From Cabins in the Laurel *by Muriel Earley Sheppard. Photographs by Bayard Wootten. Copyright © 1935, 1991 by the University of North Carolina Press. Used by permission of the publisher.*

Different Agendas

Accepted uncritically at first because of their considerable artistic qualities, the works of such professional photographers as Ulmann and Wootten soon underwent serious examination. It became apparent that women like Ulmann and Wootten had their own agendas: principally to depict mountain people as living survivors of the pioneer age. In Ulmann's case, this agenda extended to dressing people up in their grandparents' clothes to achieve the appropriate look. Wootten operated in similar fashion. Novelist John Ehle writes in the forward to the 1991 edition of *Cabins* that when Sheppard and Wootten traveled the Western North Carolina countryside searching for photographs to shoot, "they sent mountain people back into their houses to change into homespun or linsey, should they appear in store-bought clothes."

The growing awareness of manipulation by such "outsider" photographers led researchers to photo albums held by mountain families that contained images that, while obviously less artistic, seemed somehow "truer" because of their very lack of aesthetic qualities. The discovery of such im-

T.R. Phelps, courtesy of Gale Phelps and R. Dean Barr.

Outsider Bayard Wootten (upper l) and insider T.R. Phelps (lower r) represent Appalachians at leisure.

ages naturally led to a search for the photographers, the so-called "picturemen," who made them. These picturemen often took photos of their neighbors as a means of augmenting incomes mostly derived from farming.

With each discovery of yet another indigenous photographer, the discussion becomes more of a gavotte, with efforts to establish the names of the sitters and to provide personal information about the pictureman in question dominating the inquiry. It's time to use this information in new ways. The need for this becomes clear when Appalachian photographic scholarship is compared to feminist art history, another discipline that emerged at roughly the same time.

Stages

Feminist art history has undergone considerable evolution since it emerged in the late 1960s. Art historian and performance artist Joanna Frueh wrote a 1988 essay "Towards a Feminist Theory of Art Criticism," which appeared in *Feminist Art Criticism: An Anthology* edited by Frueh along with Arlene Raven and Cassandra L. Langer. In this essay, Frueh identifies three stages in the discipline's development.

Dedicated to rediscovering women artists and their work, the initial stage was spurred on by the fact that the classic art history text of the period, H.W. Janson's *History of Art,* did not include a single woman artist. The second stage asked whether female artists had a distinct sensibility, a task Frueh calls simplistic yet significant since it attempted to think about the differences between male and female art. Finally, a third, more theoretical stage uses gender analysis and other tools of postmodern inquiry to challenge traditional art historical assumptions and methodologies.

From Cabins in the Laurel by Muriel Earley Sheppard. Photographs by Bayard Wootten. Copyright © 1935, 1991 by the University of North Carolina Press. Used by permission of the publisher.

Bayard Wootten's "portrait" of George Queen.

Clearly, there are similarities between the development of feminist art history and Appalachian photographic history. The discovery of women artists parallels the rediscovery of Appalachian photographers, the most prominent of whom just happen to be women. Just as critics sought to discover differences between male and female artists, Appalachian scholars looked for differences between insider and outsider photographic images.

It is at this second stage that the study of Appalachian photography now stands. The discipline must develop its own critical methodology if it is to progress. It is clear that continuing simply to search for more picturemen is not a terribly meaningful exercise, nor is it helpful to follow certain tired paths of thinking.

The Walker Evans Test

One of these tired paths might be called the Walker Evans test: Scholars seek to find picturemen whose style parallels that of Evans, the great depression-era documentarian whose contacts in the New York modern art world helped him forge a style that was simultaneously utterly real and illusionist. Naturally, if an indigenous photographer could be found who passed the test, his or her work would validate the work of all picturemen and represent success by association.

In fact, no Appalachian pictureman will ever pass the Walker Evans test because Evans' work resulted from the very unusual circumstances of his training and his outlook. That should not in any way denigrate the work of homegrown photographers. It simply means that Appalachian scholars must, like feminist art historians, leave traditional art historical forms of criticism by the wayside.

In fact, feminist scholars quickly understood the self-defeating consequences of their own form of the Walker Evans test: their futile attempts to call second-rate women's art first-rate. Author Linda Nochlin lists all of the bars that have existed for women seeking to become artists in her 1971 *Art News* article, "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" After pointing out that women had long been denied the training and opportunity to become "masters," many feminist scholars argued that when considering women's art, the "genius mystique" needed to be replaced with a less hierarchical system of analysis.

In short, nongenius art has its own validity and its own uses. Certainly we will be far more successful in understanding Appalachian photography if we are willing to accept picturemen as good, solid photographic technicians instead of seeking the masters among them. It is necessary for Appalachian scholars to establish their own critical standards.

Portraits

Some years ago, sociologist John Gaventa developed the dichotomy of "power and powerlessness" as a tool to help illumi-

nate the impact of absentee ownership on the region. This analytical framework also proves to be a useful way to comprehend certain aspects of Appalachian photography.

First, though, it is necessary to consider the nature of portraiture since Appalachian photography tends historically to be portrait photography. For example, the best of Wootten's mountain photographs are all portraits, and the work of the picturemen is almost entirely portraiture.

Portraits — be they easel paintings, sculptures, or photographs — are more than simply images of people; they have a multiplicity of meanings. Certainly they are often testaments to the wealth of the sitter. Having a portrait painted was typically an expensive undertaking so that the existence of such an image, regardless of the artwork's merit, was in itself a mute statement about the owner's means.

In addition, there is typically a self-conscious, formal quality to most portraits. Sitters have had the opportunity to compose themselves in order to present an image that they deem appropriate for preservation. Then, by selecting elements of costume or pose, sitters convey the value system that they want future viewers to associate with them. Lavish dress certainly was evidence of wealth, a military uniform or armor could suggest leadership qualities, while a background of books signaled the fact that the sitter enjoyed a life of the mind.

Finally, their very willingness to have a portrait made indicated the sitters' positive self-image. After all, they intended that their portraits survive into the unknown future, well beyond their own deaths. The desire to project one's image into tomorrow certainly indicates a belief, or at least a wish, that one will be well-remembered by future family members.

T.R. Phelps, courtesy of Gale Phelps and R. Dean Barr.

Most of the girls are a riot of fashionable plaid, while their male companions are soberly yet stylishly dressed in this T.R. Phelps portrait of six young Appalachians.

Bayard Wootten

Bayard Wootten was an adept portrait photographer. Her studio, based in Chapel Hill, N.C., was responsible for decades for shooting all of the portraits for the *Yackety Yack,* the University of North Carolina's student annual.

Mostly a self-taught photographer, Wootten first ventured into the mountains of Western North Carolina in 1928 to produce illustrations for a catalog for the Penland School. Dedicated to generating income for the people of mountain communities through the revival and sale of native arts and crafts, Penland was operated by Wootten's cousin, Lucy Morgan. Wootten's acquaintance with Morgan gave her an entree among the Penland locals who lived along nearby Conley Ridge; the photographer made the most of it, returning many times to create a wonderfully evocative portfolio, of which the portraits are clearly the finest.

It is here, however, that applying Gaventa's power/powerlessness dichotomy becomes a useful exercise. Wootten functioned entirely from a position of power; she denied her sitters even a shred of control.

First of all, there is the question of technical power. Wootten simply knew a lot more about the magic of photography than did her sitters. Presumably the sitters believed that the pictures Wootten took would match their own self-image. It is likely, however, that they knew very little about things like framing, focal lengths, and choice of lens, all of which were used by Wootten to subtly manipulate their images before the light ever registered on the emulsion.

I am sure that they had no idea that their pictures might later be tinted to create an aura of antiquity or that their images might be seriously skewed by having captions attached to them when they were published. For example, the caption for one *Cabins* photograph of a clean-cut young man neatly dressed in shirt and tie reads "The hill man has an easy bearing." The text on the page opposite declares the mountain man in general tends to be "a demanding and passionate lover."

Wootten did know all of these things and, therefore, it was she who exercised the technical power inherent in the image-creation process. Her sitters were not simply powerless. They had no idea that power was an issue.

Wootten, the maker of the image, also assumed the myth-making power of the portrait from the sitters who typically hold it. First of all, it was Wootten who "commissioned" the portrait. In this instance, then, the patron is the artist herself. By initiating the process, Wootten controlled it. The resulting image held the visual cues that she wanted instead of the ones the sitter might have preferred.

Certainly, there is an informal quality about Wootten's portraits that one does not typically see in traditional portraiture.

These sitters have not had the time — or have not been encouraged by the photographer — to compose themselves because composure is not what Wootten wants. They have not been invited to dress to their own preference for the occasion; by deciding to photograph these mountain people as they appear, Wootten has herself selected the costumes.

Finally, the photographer was under no obligation to provide the picture's subject with a copy of the print. Sitters were entirely dependent upon her goodwill, her largess, to get a copy in order to verify that the image was "good," that it was consistent with the way they saw themselves.

Anti-Portraits

These matters of power can be easily seen in one of Wootten's best portraits, that of George Queen, that appears in *Cabins*. While perhaps Wootten didn't precisely ambush Queen, it is clear that he has not had the opportunity to adjust his appearance. His clothing is torn, and Wootten's skill at using light enables her to make a bright crown out of Queen's out-of-date, ripped hat. He is in desperate need of a shave.

She has blurred the background, removing Queen from all references to space and time that might explain or blunt his obvious poverty. In the process, she insists that the picture be only about the visible elements of Queen's person. Unlike traditional portraits in which the sitters surrounded themselves with the accoutrements of power, Queen has only oak splits before him, the materials of his humble craft of basketmaking.

While we cannot know what Queen's self-image was and whether or not he looked forward to leaving this particular photo for future generations, we do know that his family was outraged by Wootten's highly successful effort to make a "character" out of George Queen. It looks like a portrait, but it has turned the conventions of traditional portraiture on their heads. It is, more appropriately, an anti-portrait.

Wootten's work suggests a question similar but significantly different from the one that serves as the title of this essay: Why are the great Appalachian photographers not Appalachian? Wootten's portraits are, without question, beautiful, and, by standard art historical definitions, certainly approach greatness. But they are like Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*—they are nonfiction novels. Wootten takes the raw material of reality and shapes it to suit her needs. The results tell us more about Wootten than about Appalachia.

T.R. Phelps, courtesy of Gale Phelps and R. Dean Barr.

In another T.R Phelps portrait, a young woman wears a popular style sailor suit and the young man makes a statement by including a pen in his suit pocket.

Working in the Grand Tradition

The great success of the mountain picturemen, on the other hand, was that they continued classic portraiture's grand traditions rather than subverting them. Power was transferred back to the sitter, the patron. Unlike Wootten, who took her images away for her own use, the picturemen were required to give photos to their patrons in order to get paid. If the picture did not please, then the photographer was not compensated. This served as an enormous inducement for the pictureman to do his best to please the customer.

In the work of the picturemen, there was also a return to the formality of traditional portraits. The sitters composed and arrayed themselves in a manner befitting a solemn occasion. Having no desire to get themselves up to look like grandma, they were most often dressed in their best and most fashionable. They were in effect conspiring with the pictureman to make a record of their stability and worthiness for later generations. Instead of surrounding themselves with craft objects or the materials of craft production, they had themselves photographed with elements of civilization such as automobiles that suggested that they were able to participate in the modern consumer culture, that they were not in any way hicks.

T.R. Phelps

One can see this righting of the power relationship in the work of Southwestern Virginia pictureman, T.R. Phelps, who was born in 1872 and who photographed his neighbors principally between 1900 and 1939. As David Moltke-Hansen writes in his 1994 *Southern Cultures* article, "Seeing the Highlands, 1900-1939: Southwestern Virginia through the Lens of T.R. Phelps," Phelps took up photography at the turn-of-the-century and used it to supplement an income derived in part from grist milling, repairing watches, and standing his stallion at stud.

In Phelps' charming photographs, mountain people present themselves in ways that would have been of little interest to Wootten but certainly satisfied the sitters immensely. These images certainly, though probably unintentionally, hearken back to the formalities and conceits of historical portraits, but they

also clearly demonstrate that the sitters are in control of the visual impressions made by the images.

Phelps's photograph of four young women and two men (on p. 23) shows a group who seem determined to affirm their ties to the great fashion markets that existed far from the mountains. The young people are obviously intent on creating an image. The entire group might easily be mistaken for college students, which they may well have been for all we know, and they clearly intend that no one who sees this photograph will think them hicks or rustics.

Another photograph of a young couple on a porch is also making a fashion statement, particularly the girl whose sailor suit, complete with an embroidered U.S. Navy insignia on the sleeve, was a popular style early in the century. It is the man who is most interesting, however, because of the writing instrument in his suit jacket's breast pocket. Just as one often sees in photographs of family groups a person holding a Bible, a visual cue certainly intended to communicate the family's piety, frequently men were photographed with visible pens and pencils in their pockets. These seem to be overt symbols attesting to the sitter's ability to read and write, much as sitters of earlier centuries were painted in their libraries.

One of classical portraiture's main concerns was to demonstrate the sitter's belief in a propitious future. Phelps' photographs of three girls dressed in their best and carefully posed in their well-appointed parlor is a wonderful statement of this concept. The girls present themselves as polished young women, skilled in the arts of literature and music. All wear watches, a way of declaring themselves thoroughly modern, yet they are pious, too, as the Bible on the table to the right testifies.

T.R. Phelps, courtesy of Gale Phelps and R. Dean Barr.

Phelps' subjects in this photograph are surrounded by objects which give clues to future observers about their accomplishments and their belief in the continuity of family, themes common to classical portraiture.

The point of real interest in the photograph, however, is the mantle and the area around it on which family images are displayed, some draped in black cloth, indicating in the Victorian manner that the subjects are deceased. The photograph could not be stronger in showing that these people believe in the continuity of familial generations. Clearly Phelps, like most picturemen of the period, produced remarkable documents. It is tempting to play the traditional art historical game of assigning a grade to his work, evaluating it against the work of his mountain contemporaries. The reason for this temptation, of course, has to do with context. We discovered these photographs at a time when photography gained legitimacy as a distinct art form — museums were building photography galleries, books were being written about significant photographers, and individual photographs were skyrocketing in value. So, not surprisingly, we are accustomed to looking at Appalachian photographs as examples of a very narrow part of our cultural spectrum — as art.

Making a Living vs. Making Art

Appalachian photography, by Phelps or any of the other picturemen, just can't hold its own against the field's masterpieces and masters. Mountain photographers could not get the kind of training available to serious photographers in the first third of the century, and they likely couldn't access such publications as *Camera Work,* the periodical that showed the best work then being done. Nor is it clear that the picturemen were willing to starve for their art, as young Walker Evans was willing to do in order to focus his energies on building his reputation.

"Starving for art" is not a phrase that translates well into Appalachian. Picturemen like Phelps were primarily interested in making a living, not in making works of art. Their success came from their innate ability to intuit what a portrait was supposed to accomplish — and was always intended to accomplish ever since man (or woman) first put brush to canvas or chisel to stone — and then to render that intuition onto light-sensitive emulsion.

Was Phelps great? Were any of these picturemen great? The term is meaningless, or at least it should be if we are going to make any progress understanding these unique images. Let us say instead that they were successful and that their work outlives them. What more could any artist want? N&T

The author wishes to acknowledge the gracious assistance of R. Dean Barr of East Tennessee State University in the preparation of this essay.

Chuck Watkins is the director of the Appalachian Cultural Museum at Appalachian State University, Boone, N.C.

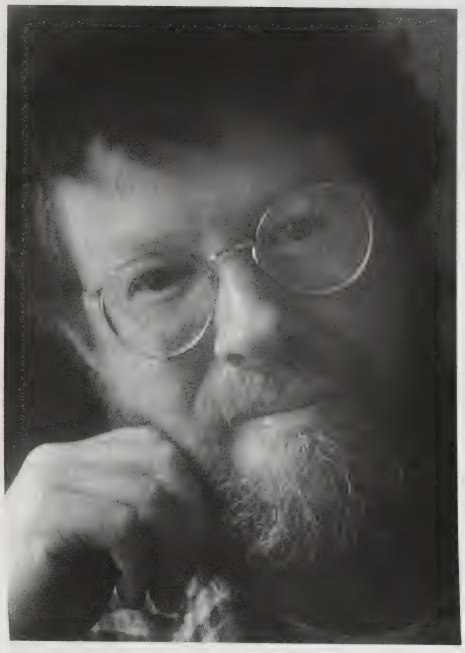
Ken Murray: Advocating for Appalachia

A Chattanooga native finds a career and a calling in the mountains of East Tennessee.

by Janet Hearne

Ken Murray once told one of his students: "Photography is a wonderful hobby, but don't try to make a living at it." The student, who is now a newspaper photographer, ignored Murray's dictum — which is only fitting. Murray has been ignoring his own advice for nearly 30 years.

Not that it's been easy. Still, Murray has managed to support himself doing the thing he loves: taking photographs. He has worked for various newspapers, including the *Chattanooga Times, Knoxville Journal, Johnson City Press, Kingsport Times-News,* and *Billings (Mont.) Gazette.* He has also done free-lance work, including illustrations and cover photographs for *Now & Then* and projects for the Appalachian Regional Commission, and has published six books of his photographs, dealing mostly with the changing culture and environment of Appalachia.



Ken Murray

Apprenticeship

Murray, who now lives in Kingsport, Tenn., was born in Chattanooga, Tenn., and reared in North Georgia. He first took up photography in high school, mostly out of boredom.

"I was never a good student," Murray admits. "And I had a short attention span. I was completely bored in school. Working as the yearbook photographer was a way to get out of class, a way to break the monotony."

After high school, Murray went to work for *The Chattanooga Times* as a darkroom person but soon was promoted to photographer. He describes the four years he spent at the paper as an "apprentice-type situation." During that time, he also attended the University of Chattanooga — now the University of Tennessee, Chattanooga — as an art major. Murray, who describes himself as a "pretty good" painter and sculptor, was drawn to the immediacy of photography. "There was something about it that just clicked with me," he says.

A job offer from the *Kingsport Times-News* drew him to East Tennessee in 1968. Again, he divided his time between the newspaper and classes at East Tennessee State University (ETSU) in Johnson City, where he received a bachelor's degree in art. At ETSU, Murray met Jack Schrader, chairman of the art department, who proved to be an important influence in his life.

"Jack broadened my perspective," Murray says. "He helped me to look beyond the immediate job I was doing at the newspaper. Photography for a newspaper is a kind of quick-and-dirty business. You reinvent the wheel every day. For my own satisfaction, I wanted to do something that had a more lasting value."

A Vanishing Culture

Ironically, it was the vanishing culture of Appalachia that drew Murray. Grow-

Laurel Fork Falls is a favorite stopping point for hikers on the Appalachian Trail in the Mountain Wilderness Area, Cherokee Forest of Northeast Tennessee.

"Photographing people works better with black-and-white. I admire Ansel Adams' black-and-white landscapes, but for me, it works better to shoot landscapes with color."

Red bee-balm and yellow coneflowers cover a hillside along the Appalachian Trail on Clingman's Dome in the Great Smoky Mountains.

"I feel privileged to have been able to do basically what I wanted to do for a long career."

The Collins family of Newman's Ridge, Hancock County, Tenn., 1974.

ing up in North Georgia, he had seen a way of life — self-sufficient reliance on the small family farm — disappear. He saw the same thing happening in East Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, and he wanted to capture and preserve those images before it was too late. With the help of a fellowship from the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at ETSU, Murray was able to photograph traditional craftspeople of the Clinch River valley of Southwest Virginia and Northeast Tennessee.

The newspaper gave Murray the freedom to take time off for his own projects. He says he had to take the attitude that although the photographs may never be published, they were worth his energy and the expense to do.

"The subject matter had the potential of being art or being done artfully," Murray says. "You could dig into it; it had substance."

So, he traveled the mountains, getting to know the tobacco farmers and their families, the Melungeons of Hancock County, Tenn., and the people who lived in coal towns. They let him into their homes and their lives, and they let him take their pictures.

"Most people, if you're direct about why you want to make their photographs, they will respond positively," Murray says. "These people had an innate pride in their self-sufficiency, even if they were experiencing hard circumstances. Asking a person to share his life with a number of people, that's asking a bit, but some people love the attention."

Photography also has given Murray the opportunity to see other cultures and other lands. He recently returned from a trip to India. Last year, he traveled to Mexico, Turkey, and Egypt. These trips, he says, give him perspective. He has visited some of the most beautiful places in the world, but he has seen nothing that can compare with the scenic beauty of Appalachia.

He has visited some of the most beautiful places in the world, but he has seen nothing that can compare with the scenic beauty of Appalachia.

Roger Ison works a three-man pony mine in the Dorchester section of Norton, Va., 1971.

Photographing What's Right

Unfortunately, Murray says, the environment of Appalachia is just as much under attack as the culture was earlier, and once more he feels compelled to capture the landscape in photographs before it disappears. He also hopes he might have a hand in saving it.

"I feel like this is my way to be an advocate for the natural world that exists here," Murray says. "If I can help illustrate and remind people of the great beauty that's here, maybe they will get involved and let their representatives know their feelings about it. I hope my photographs will be one of the voices for preservation."

He takes pains, however, not to alienate people. Rather than focus on "the awful," as he describes it, Murray photographs the wild, beautiful places that are unharmed. "I photograph what's right so

that people will see it and agree to protect what needs to be protected."

This feeling is reflected in Murray's most recent books: *Footsteps of the Mountain Spirits, Paths of the Ancients,* and *The Tennessee Country,* all of which deal with the natural beauty of Appalachia. In these books, Murray weaves folklore, Native American legends, and historical sketches together with his landscape photographs in order to convey the area's unique heritage. Rather than allowing readers to flip through a book of pretty photographs, Murray asks them to linger over the images by including the text.

The Holy Land

"These places are special. They're sacred," he says. "When you sit on top of a mountain and look out at the Earth that was created by Mother Earth, Father Earth, God, or whatever your world view accommodates, you can feel a connection with the wayfarers who have passed before you. This special connection should be available to the next generation to come along. It shouldn't be squandered for another row of chalets with Winnebagos parked outside.

"You know, people talk about traveling to the Holy Land. For me," he says, "this *is* the holy land." N&T

Janet Hearne is a free-lance writer who lives in Johnson City, Tenn. She is a frequent contributor to Now & Then.

Eight-year-old Lisa Sturgill swings on the family farm in the Sulfur Springs community, Scott County, Va., 1982.

On a Tennessee Porch

pine shaded, sycamore flanked,
thunder rumbles like an old jalopy,
and the sky, gray as an elephant's knee,
surrounds me like a Quonset hut,
hot air roiling like a gaseous gut,
the earth vaguely shaking under me
as if I sat at the bottom
of an ashcan,
delivery trucks arriving,
unloading, then
unceremoniously
moving on.

—Linda Lee Harper

Linda Lee Harper lives in Knoxville, Tenn., with her husband and two children. She has served as editor for The Pennsylvania Review *and* The Devil's Millhopper *poetry review. She has two award-winning books of poetry, and a third book is forthcoming.*

Firstborn

She floats on her father's army cot
perfect as Jesus in the manger,
fat hands lifted in blessing, laughing

at gas, at the pied treelight
that tickles the miracle of her skin,

at the persuasive barnyard repertoire
her mother keeps practicing
behind that clicking toy, at all these

versions of herself that will fill
all those books with the soft black pages.

—Michael McFee

Michael McFee has published five books of poems, most recently Colander *from Carnegie Mellon University Press, 1996. His work has appeared in* Poetry, Hudson Review, Shenandoah, *and* Southern Review.

Bloodroot

Susan O'Dell Underwood

A granddaughter searches images of blooms and leaves for traces of a man she can barely recall.

Like light from stars long ago burned away to stone, images from my grandfather's slides bloom on the bare wall, projected through dark air filled with fine dust particles touched by the burning light and whirling like a frenetic galaxy. Twenty-six years after his death, my grandmother presents me with my Opa's heritage in little boxes marked *Kodachrome, Anscochrome, Agfachrome,* a currency of photographs that documents time lost, faces altered and gone, places past. I receive my inheritance the summer I realize: *I am the age my father was when he lost his father.*

Perhaps this is why my Oma gives the slides to me, but I think she doesn't consider it this way. Perhaps she doesn't need to look any longer at photographs of the past to see the past. Perhaps she trusts me with his work because I have a degree in photography, have married a photographer. Maybe she believes I can work miracles, restore faded images to blood and depth and light, erase lines of mildew etched into the slides like lines in granite. Heat and time and must have deteriorated hundreds of images beyond recognition. Nothing can salvage this loss: faces obliterated, colors vanished, landscapes whitewashed clear except for the faint outline of the undulant ridge of mountain.

My grandfather's single self-portrait.

But a few hundred other images are still viable, and many of these are vivid, revealing glimpses of the life of Daniel Herman O'Dell, a man I can hardly recall. These images document his vision, but they leave scarcely a trace of his presence. I keep my promise and fit each slide into an archival plastic sheath, preserving image by image what I can find of my grandfather. I think, *this is the way he saw it:* the faces of his children — my father, a small boy grinning with his brother in the autumn sun; my grandmother with her sisters at the beach, their bodies lean and smooth and young; the autumn valley vista from the top of Holston

Mountain; the mountain white with hoarfrost; a field of corn shocks; his litter of Weimaraner hounds posed sleek against the fence like the Rockettes; his sisters, their heads wrapped against the chill in colorful scarves, bent over a picnic campfire; wedding rehearsal dinners and blurred polite faces; graduations, his young students in dark gowns and mortarboards; his father, so old, at the Thanksgiving table; the faces of my cousins, my generation; my own little face looking into my grandfather's camera.

As I catalog images, I have separated personal slides from the professional ones, faces of family and friends

My own little face looking into my grandfather's camera.

from blooms of Appalachian flora, but I realize that perhaps he would not have considered this distinction. His life in the woods, gathering images of flowers, was not separate from his life as a farmer, as a father, as a teacher, as a husband. The majority of slides reveal images of wildflowers, foliage, fungus of the Appalachian Mountains. These slides were the teaching tools of my grandfather, who was a professor of botany at East Tennessee State University for many years.

Each year, he traipsed miles in the spring woods, in places

His litter of Weimaraner hounds posed sleek against the fence like the Rockettes.

perhaps no one else ever walked or stood, to photograph the common and the rare with equanimity, to teach a new generation the enigmatic luxuries of the blossoms that don't grow anywhere else in the world, collecting images of fairy rings, devil's snuff boxes, morels, toad stools, and lichen, along with blossoms of every size and rapturous color. I find here his tenderest expression in the images of blooms and leaves, in the stillness and humility of the most low and fragrant and forgotten places.

Magnolia blooms, waxy white and elegant.

Mountain laurel, clustered white.

In these photographs of the little wild things, his presence is nearly palpable: magnolia blooms waxy white and elegant; violets with their abundance of yellow, purple, white miniature faces; trout lily, a brown spotted golden trumpet; trillium's rare triadic perfect petals; lady's slipper, veined and swollen; rhododendron's rich pink bundles; jack-in-the-pulpit; bloodroot; apple blossoms; Dutchman's breeches; flame azalea; Mayapple; mountain laurel, clustered white; wood anemone; shooting star.

The pure white bloodroot.

I can name them all as I go and wonder where I learned to call them one by one, their little bent heads in the dark woods, years after their brief lives, blooming in a beam of light. What filters through the dark air shines like sunlight in a deep stone well. In a final slide, my grandfather's single self-portrait. His image is silvered, faded; diminutive blossoms of yellow mildew trace in curved lines across his figure, indelible and solid as time. He poses his camera before a mirror, his serious face studying itself through the camera's lens, and so he seems to study me by looking through the lens into my eyes that still see each fall the same russet and golden and burgundy hillsides he photographed, the same hoarfrosted blue mountain, eyes that learned young to gaze along the dark wood's jagged trail in search of wildflowers.

Morels.

My favorite remains, after all the years, the pure white bloodroot that spills a deep ruby droplet from its broken, slender stem, sharp pointed petals shining brief against the wood's dark soil like living stars. N&T

Susan O'Dell Underwood is a photographer, poet, and writer. She is assistant professor of English at Carson-Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn. Her grandfather was a lifelong resident of Bristol, Tenn. A professor of botany at East Tennessee State University for 20 years, Daniel Herman O'Dell died in an automobile accident on June 2, 1969.

Wildflowers of the Southern Appalachians: How to Photograph and Identify Them

by Kevin Adams and Marty Casstevens

John F. Blair
Winston-Salem, N.C. - 1996
$26.95 (paper)

One of the perks of being a book reviewer is that you get to keep a free copy of whatever book you review. This fact alone was motivation enough for me to want to review *Wildflowers of the Southern Appalachians: How to Photograph and Identify Them* by photographer Kevin Adams and photographer and naturalist Marty Casstevens.

It's not often that one finds an illustrated guide which is as beautiful as it is practical. *Wildflowers* is one of those rare exceptions. The 250 wildflower species photographed by Adams and Casstevens are a testament to their technical skills as well as to their artistry. But this book is about far more than lovely images: It is an extremely practical guide to both identifying and photographing wildflowers. In this respect, it is clearly a guide expressly targeted to the needs of the aspiring wildflower photographer.

In a 45-page introduction, Adams and Casstevens provide concise and comprehensive instruction in the mechanics of wildflower photography. Covering everything from equipment and film selection to instruction on composition and lighting, the authors provide a concise answer to every pertinent question the reader can imagine. Forget any other book you ever read on how to photograph wildflowers. The answers are all here in brief, easy-to-read instructions.

Granted, some of you may never have held a camera in your hands and wouldn't know a Rolliflex from a Rolex. Still, if your goal is simply to be able to identify an unfamiliar wildflower, this book is for you.

Suppose you're in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and want to identify "that little white flower that grows in bunches all over the Chimney's campground." Looking up the key words *little, white,* and *bunches* in the index won't get you very far in this or in any other wildflower book. But Adams and Casstevens have simplified the identification process by arranging the book by blossom color. A quick flip through the "white" section reveals fringed phacelia, photographed in clear, unambiguous detail that precludes anyone's confusing it with some other white ground cover such as spring beauty.

Having identified your flower, you are treated to a one-page summary that includes the plant's scientific name in addition to its common name or names and details about the plant's blooming and fruiting dates, its growth cycle, its frequency of occurrence, and its habitat and range. Additionally, Adams and Casstevens provide a concise description of each plant, including information about similar or related species and their distinguishing characteristics. Finally, they conclude each entry with photo tips specific to that plant. Short of hiring a botanist and a photographer to accompany you on your woodland walks, you can't get better guidance than this. This book does it all.

It is difficult to find fault with such a meticulous and well-planned book, but there are two minor criticisms. The first has to do with with the sorting of the material. It would have been helpful if each color category had been further arranged in some broad manner according to size, either of the blossom or of the entire plant. Small-petaled ground covers are clearly different from broadleafed or stalky plants, yet no effort was made to achieve any logical grouping of the plants beyond the assignment of color categories.

The second objection is simply that, as a field guide, it does not fit comfortably into the glove compartment. At 7.5 inches by 8.5 inches, it is far from coffee table book dimensions, yet it is not at home either in the car or in the camera bag. Adams and Casstevens have clearly chosen to sacrifice some measure of portability in favor of aesthetics; the book features larger type and full-page images, for example.

Given their obvious visual bias as photographers, this choice is probably the right one. Given the quality of the result, your correct choice would be to add this book to your library.

— Sam Stapleton

Sam Stapleton is an avid photographer who lives in Knoxville, Tenn.

Haunting Memories: Echoes and Images of Tennessee's Past

photography by Christine Patterson
text by Wilma Dykeman

University of Tennessee Press
Knoxville, Tenn. - 1996
$32.50 (hardcover)

Abandoned ... Forgotten Places of East Tennessee

by Randy Ball

Appalachian Images Publishing
Rogersville, Tenn. - 1995
$10.00 (paper)

With her depictions of historic and forgotten places, Knoxville, Tenn., photographer Christine Patterson creates windows into Tennessee's past. Photographs in *Haunting Memories* invite the viewer to visit a cash-and-barter store, listen as a steam engine roars into a depot, or join a little girl in her exploration of an abandoned house. Browsing through Patterson's book is like taking a walking tour of the state, from Rocky Mount in East Tennessee to Reelfoot Lake in West Tennessee.

The result of Patterson's many tours down highways and backroads across the state, *Haunting Memories* celebrates Tennessee's Bicentennial. Many East Tennessee scenes are a part of this celebration. The cover features Sampson's General Store in Sullivan County, and inside shots include an abandoned house in Fall Branch, the cantilever barn at Cade's Cove in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and Blount Mansion in Knoxville.

Patterson's artistic process allows her to create a distinct mood for each place she captures on film. After photographing the location with infrared film, which records energy that the naked eye cannot see, she

then prints the black-and-white image and achieves an aged look by producing a sepia-toned photograph. Patterson uses oils, pastels, water colors, and sometimes even berries and coffee grounds to hand-tint her photographs so that they convey shades of emotion and meaning.

In *Haunting Memories,* novelist and poet Wilma Dykeman supplements these visual effects with her poetic verse. Both as a writer and as Tennessee's state historian, Dykeman has explored the very same places Patterson has captured on film so that the writer's words come from a personal knowledge of the stories behind each image.

While Dykeman conveys the legends associated with a few of the pictures, she primarily creates new voices. She imagines conversations that may have occurred in these abandoned places: men trading news while waiting at the cotton gin, gossip circulating once again in an old barber shop. The writer invites the reader to hear the softer voices of nature, the "wind strumming the trees … the small birds busy in the thickets."

In *Abandoned … Forgotten Places of East Tennessee,* photographer Randy Ball of Rogersville, Tenn., also invites the viewer to listen and to observe. Ball describes the places and relics captured in the book as "gifts left to us to help us remember and imagine." Focusing on East Tennessee's "gifts," Ball's photographs primarily depict structures in Hawkins and Hancock Counties, from farmhouses and a set of mill gears to the Big Chief Motel and the Jolly Roger Drive-In.

In contrast to Patterson's use of coated lenses and additional chemicals, Ball's black-and-white photographs rely on direct shots and feature a more limited spectrum. His photographs, then, are both honest and bleak. These stark, abandoned, yet intriguing places do not just generate nostalgia, they also captivate the viewer and invite further exploration.

In both *Haunting Memories* and *Abandoned,* Patterson and Ball create unique photographs which give abandoned places a voice: They tell stories of past days, speak of traditions, evoke a sense of nostalgia and even mystery. Through their exploration of similar themes, Patterson and Ball communicate the important role that the past plays in understanding the present and in mapping directions for the future. These efforts, as Dykeman writes in *Haunting Memories,* are a part of discovering "new meanings for the name / Tennessee."

— Tina Parker

Tina Parker is a 1997 graduate of Carson-Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn. She is a staff writer at the Newport Plain Talk *in Newport, Tenn.*

Randy Ball

An abandoned country store in Greene County, Tenn., makes a stark statement in Randy Ball's *Abandoned … Forgotten Places of East Tennessee.*

Anthracite Ghosts
by Walter L. Dinteman
University of Scranton Press
Scranton, Pa. - 1995
$30.00 (hardcover)

For some, our country's history is marked by its wars and is memorialized by Bunker Hill, the Alamo, and Gettysburg. Others, such as Walter L. Dinteman, measure our nation's history by great economic events such as the industrial revolution, economic events which have left behind their traces in the great factories and company towns of that period. Dinteman's book, *Anthracite Ghosts,* tells the story of the anthracite coal mining industry centered in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

Like the Gettysburg battlefield, the anthracite country is now little more than a graveyard with its collieries, breakers, and culm banks standing as monuments to the industrial soldiers who sacrificed their lives to build this country's economy. As with all persons with a strong sense of history, Dinteman hears the footsteps and sees the ghosts of those unsung heroes whose graves are unmarked and whose names remain absent from history's ledgers.

A West Virginia native currently living in Denmark, Dinteman is a photographer who wandered through the Northeastern Pennsylvania coalfields with a camera in hand during the 1970s. "After I've gone to these places and have spent three or four solitary hours roaming around them, I feel as though I have some share in their history, as though I had lost a friend," Dinteman says. But during those solitary hours, Dinteman was not idle. He used the time to document the rapidly decaying remains of the Pennsylvania coal industry in over 2,000 black-and-white photographs, approximately 80 of which are presented in this volume, coupled

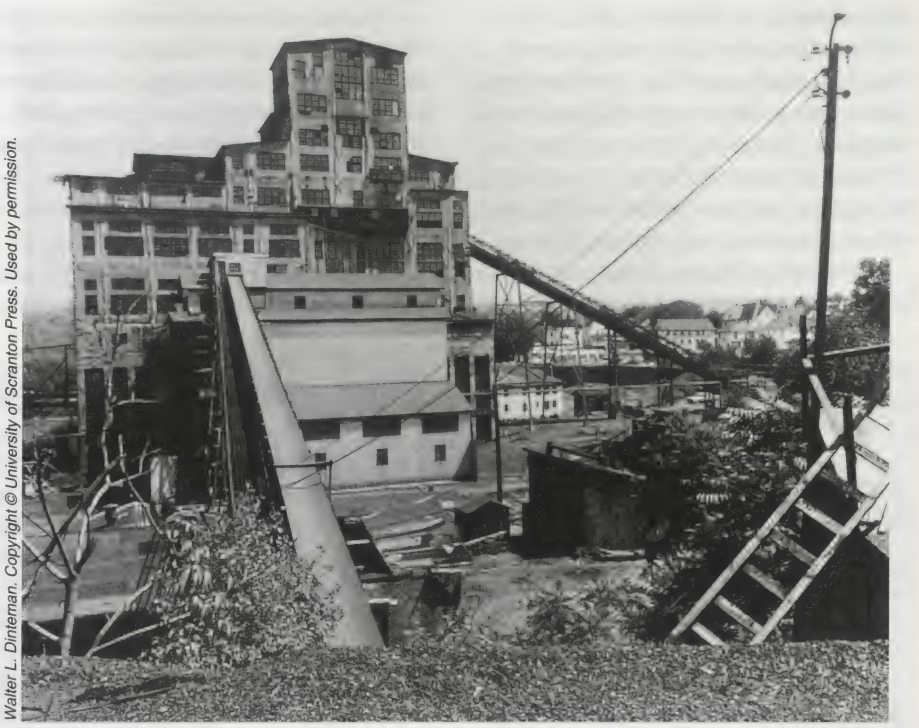
with selected excerpts of prose, lyrics, and poetry.

While Dinteman's images document the now lifeless structures, the accompanying text reveals the human story — from the low pay, hard work, and long hours to the constant threat of death as a result of a cave-in or a fire. Thus, the images and text complement one another by showing us both sides of the same coin: now and then, man and machine, life and death. With such subject matter, the easy tendency would be either to moralize or romanticize yet Dinteman avoids both of these pitfalls. His images are frank and unpretentious. He shows a clear preference for the broader landscape, portraying the scale of the industry with its skyscraper-like breakers and its mountainous culm banks of waste materials. These images are more about a sense of place than about deep feelings.

Yet he does occasionally utilize the close-up image to give us a more intimate view. Without ever showing us a miner, he nevertheless tells us their stories just as effectively with images such as the abandoned washhouse with its boots hanging up to dry or the rotting stretcher leaning against the wall. It is these images which remind us that, throughout their productive history, the mines were a veritable death mill for the miners. How appropriate it is that Dinteman's images of the death of the mines themselves memorialize the lives of those lost workers.

— Sam Stapleton

Sam Stapleton is assistant vice chancellor for business and finance for the University of Tennessee Medical Center, Knoxville, Tenn.


Walter L. Dinteman. Copyright © University of Scranton Press. Used by permission.

Moffet Coal Colliery, Taylor, Pa., from Walter L. Dinteman's *Anthracite Ghosts.*

Mist Over the Mountains: Appalachia and Its People
by Raymond Bial
Houghton Mifflin Company
Boston - 1997
$14.95 (hardcover)

Photographer and writer Raymond Bial sets out to give a positive view of Appalachia and her people in *Mist Over the Mountains. Mist* is a photo essay intended for children in the middle grades. Bial dedicates the volume "to all the wonderful people who have devoted themselves to sustaining the folk culture of Appalachia and helping others to understand the spirit of the mountains."

Bial is currently living in Urbana, Ill., and confesses that he is "pretty much a flatlander." In his acknowledgments, he praises people at Berea College in Berea, Ky., and John Rice Irwin of the Museum of Appalachia in Norris, Tenn., for steering him in the right direction.

The right direction here is somewhat backward in time. The book is primarily illustrated with the author's own color photographs of quilts, water rushing over creek rocks, dulcimers, a barn with a Rock City ad, and misty mountain landscapes. Many of Bial's photographs were shot at Irwin's Museum of Appalachia, with its superb collection of pioneer buildings, home furnishings, and artifacts. The photographs he has chosen from the works of Russell Lee, Earl Palmer, and Warren Brunner to supplement his own work enhance his largely nostalgic look at Appalachia. All told, the photographs as well as the text emphasize Appalachia's heritage.

In the text, Bial presents a brief history of the region, beginning with the Cherokee and then moving on to the English, Scotch-Irish, and Germans who displaced them. He gives considerable space to the pioneer lifestyle, with references to feuds, moonshining, and religion, and also to music and other folk arts. The photographs richly illustrate aspects of life, such as cabin-building, quilting, basketry, as well as family and community get-togethers. There are somewhat briefer references to coal mining, timbering, tourism, and other examples of outside influence in the region, with an emphasis on the rise and decline of the coal industry and its bitter struggles. The author includes a brief reading list of Appalachian books.

The author has obviously done his homework; he writes concisely and, for the most part, accurately. There are a couple of jarring notes, such as his implying that anthracite (in contrast to bituminous) coal extends throughout Appalachia and his explanation that the froe was used for "splitting logs" rather than as a tool for riving shingles from a section of log.

By quoting contemporary Appalachians — ranging from the famous, such as writer Gurney Norman to the not-so-famous, one

Reviews

Garlan Hughes of Buladean, N.C., for example — the author deals with regional stereotypes and asserts his view that Appalachians are no better or worse than people elsewhere. However, his view of the region and its people definitely tends toward the positive; he gives shorter shrift to underlying economic and social problems.

Photographer Warren Brunner and I have been criticized for presenting an overly romantic view of mountain people in our *Appalachian Values*. I accept that criticism and, in our defense, point out that we were trying to counter some of the pernicious stereotypes about the region that persist. It is obvious that Bial has also attempted to displace some of the unattractive pictures of Appalachia that many Americans carry in their heads. The images he presents in this book are more appealing.

While Bial can be accused of ignoring the negative to accent the positive, I say that for his purposes and for his audience, I approve of this book. It may well get young readers interested in learning more about the region and its people.

— Loyal Jones

Loyal Jones is a writer and speaker on Appalachia who lives in Berea, Ky.

Books & Films Worth Mentioning

Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians as sung by Jean Ritchie (Second edition with forewords by Alan Lomax and Ron Pen; Lexington, Ky.: University Press of Kentucky, 1997; $14.95 paper, $27.95 hardcover). Jean Ritchie, one of Appalachia's best known singers of traditional ballads, collects the lyrics and music for 95 songs, including four not included in the original 1965 edition. She also contributes headnotes, and husband George Pickow offers memorable black-and-white photographs.

Footsteps of the Mountain Spirits ... Appalachia: Myths, Legends, and Landscapes of the Southern Highlands by Kenneth Murray (Johnson City, Tenn.: Overmountain Press, 1992; $14.95 paper). Clearly the work of a professional, this impressive collection of stunning color photographs leads us through the Cumberland/Allegheny Mountains of West Virginia and Kentucky, along the Blue Ridge of Virginia and North Carolina, then into the Great Smoky Mountains and along the Appalachian Trail in Northern Georgia. The text connects Native American myths with the words of early explorers and other writers who appreciated the region's natural beauty.

Highland Trails: A Guide to Scenic Trails, Northeast Tennessee, Western North Carolina, Southwest Virginia by Kenneth Murray (Third revised edition; Johnson City, Tenn.: Overmountain Press, 1986, reprint 1997; $17.95 paper). *Highland Trails* features black-and-white photographs of grand vistas, trail summits, waterfalls, grassy balds, and wildflowers. This revised edition includes useful addresses, maps, and trail narratives based on firsthand observations. It's enough to inspire you to find your hiking boots.

Looking Back at Tennessee: A Photographic Retrospective by Wayne C. Moore with Mark Herbison (Franklin, Tenn.: Providence House Publishers, 1996; $29.95 hardback). *Looking Back* features black-and-white Tennessee images from the 1860s to the 1960s. This collection of reproductions from the Tennessee State Library and Archives includes a number of East Tennessee images: from a Scott County woman spinning yarn to workers at a Lenoir City textile mill, from young boys headed for a fishing hole in Jefferson County to FDR at the opening of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Archival photos focus on four main topics: "At Work," "At Play," "Portraits," and "Events."

Talk About Trouble: A New Deal Portrait of Virginians in the Great Depression edited by Nancy J. Martin-Perdue and Charles L. Perdue, Jr. (Chapel Hill, N.C.: University of North Carolina Press, 1996; $19.95 paper, $45.00 hardcover). Two folklorists select 61 life stories from hundreds recorded by the Depression-era Virginia Writers' Project and illustrate them with 160 black-and-white photographs, mostly taken by Work Projects Administration photographers. Chapters focus on the experiences of women, men, and African Americans and document the transition from farms to factories. Appendices supplement the narratives with census data and information about photographers. With extensive notes, a bibliography, and index, this is a valuable collection of never-before published interviews.

Evelyn Williams directed by Anne Lewis (Whitesburg, Ky.: Appalshop, 1995; $150 VHS color). This 28-minute film is the portrait of a lifelong community activist, an Appalachian African American coal miner's daughter, a mother of nine. The granddaughter of an ex-slave, this Eastern Kentucky native tells her story as an 80-year-old woman who has endured prejudice against her race and class all her life. Intelligent, feisty interviews and action shots tell her story as she fights an oil and gas company for her land. She is joined in her efforts by novelist Denise Giardina.

Mountain Born: The Jean Ritchie Story produced by H. Russell Farmer and Guy Mendes (Lexington, Ky.: Kentucky Educational Television, 1996; $24.95 VHS color). Color film alternates with archival TV footage, great black-and-white family videos, and still photographs, many contributed by Ritchie's husband, photographer George Pickow. The production documents the life and times of folksinger/songwriter Jean Ritchie. It features her associations with folksong collector Alan Lomax, folk musicians Pete Seeger, Doc Watson, and Woody and Arlo Guthrie, singers Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt, and Dolly Parton and others. Ritchie's appearances with family and community members are as moving and impressive as those at the Newport Folk Festivals.

— Sandra L. Ballard

Now & Then *Reviews Editor Sandy Ballard is associate professor of English at Carson-Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn.*

Appalachia in the Making: The Mountain South in the Nineteenth Century

edited by Mary Beth Pudup, Dwight B. Billings, and Altina L. Waller

University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, N.C. - 1995
$18.95 (paper), $49.95 (hardcover)

Appalachia in the Making is easily the most significant recent volume concerning the mountain south, one that should be required reading for anyone interested in the region. Consisting of 14 essays written by leading Appalachian Studies scholars, it not only adds to our understanding of the history of 19th century Appalachia, it also illustrates just how vital and exciting the study of that history has become over the last decade.

The editors set the tone with an introduction that, in their words, "takes exception with exceptionalism," the notion that Appalachia is a unique region within the United States. Surveying the many ways in which Americans have viewed the region since the Civil War, they echo historian Henry D. Shapiro when he maintained in his groundbreaking work, *Appalachia On Our Mind,* that the notion of a distinct realm called "Appalachia" was first imposed by largely unsympathetic outsiders. Appalachia emerged in the popular mind as a strange, wild place characterized by isolation, poverty, violence, and a backward folk culture inherently at odds with modern, industrial America.

Well into the 1960s, the "peculiar" mountains remained largely the domain of anthropologists and ethnographers. The social activism of that decade, however, coupled with the influence of pathbreaking writers such as Harry Caudill, author of *Night Comes to the Cumberlands,* encouraged more historical approaches. The result in the 1970s and early 1980s was a revisionist history that successfully illuminated post-Civil War industrialization and its consequences but presented preindustrial Appalachia as little more than a homogeneous, agrarian paradise lost.

More recent scholarship has not only described preindustrial Appalachia more realistically but has also raised questions regarding the region's uniqueness. With its sometimes rigid class structure, early commercialism, slave owners, and internal diversity, the region had much in common with the rest of the South and the nation as a whole.

The essays follow a roughly chronological sequence and examine various facets of that history. Some contributors confront race and gender. Historian John R. Finger's essay on the Cherokee, for example, reminds readers that the region contained "a truly triracial society," while fellow historian John C. Inscoe contrasts the myth of an all-white region with the reality of mountain slavery and racism. Anthropologist Mary K. Anglin persuasively challenges Appalachian historians to produce "a more expansive reading of women's lives in antebellum Appalachia."

Other essays deal with economics and social class. Sociologist Wilma A. Dunaway confronts the assumption of widespread farm ownership among mountain people, detailing how wealthy speculators and absentee landlords tied up regional landholdings and, in so doing, consigned most mountaineers to poverty. Historian Paul Salstrom also stresses economic diversity within the region, although his approach is grounded in geography. There were three Appalachias, he maintains, each settled at different moments and, as a result, possessing varied economic and social histories.

Historian Ralph Mann carries the concern with diversity to the county level by considering various types of farm communities in Tazewell County, Va., and confronting "the difficulty of identifying a 'typical' Appalachian community." Likewise, historian Gordon B. McKinney finds diversity as he focuses on the Civil War as a unique prism through which to view mountain economics as well as community. The war also serves as a focal point for historian John Alexander Williams' reconsideration of West Virginia politics, which he views ultimately as an extension of traditional patterns developed in Virginia.

The final five essays concentrate on the region during the post-Civil War period. Sociologists Dwight B. Billings and Kathleen M. Blee consider Beech Creek, Ky., the community first brought to light by pioneering ethnographer James S. Brown. Billings and Blee describe "dramatic and rapid agricultural decline" after 1860 due to a swift increase in the population coupled with soil depletion and land shortages. Historical geographer Mary Beth Pudup analyzes the link between urbanization, specifically the growth of county seat towns, and capitalist development in the region after 1880.

Historian Ronald D. Lewis considers another result of industrialization: the deforestation of large sections of Appalachia. Sociologist Alan Banks examines the formation of new class relations in the coalfields. Concluding the volume, historian Altina L. Waller investigates feuding in the 1880s. Waller depicts feuding as a very real reaction to economic and political modernization, one which had been inflated and misunderstood by the national press.

The essays in *Appalachia in the Making* provide the closest thing we have to a vitally needed history of 19th century Appalachia.

— Kenneth W. Noe

Kenneth W. Noe is associate professor of history at the State University of West Georgia in Carrollton, Ga.

The First American Frontier: Transition to Capitalism in Southern Appalachia, 1700-1860

by Wilma A. Dunaway

University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, N.C. - 1996
$21.95 (paper), $49.95 (hardcover)

Sociologist Wilma Dunaway has produced an important study of capitalist development in antebellum Appalachia, one that will serve as an indispensable guide for decades to come.

Dunaway's primary goal is to deepen our understanding of Southern Appalachia's incorporation into the international capitalist economy. She employs world systems analysis, an approach pioneered by economic historian Immanuel

Wallerstein which describes the economic dependence of peripheral regions such as Appalachia on centers of capitalistic activity and power. At this core objective, Dunaway succeeds brilliantly.

Her secondary goal is to obliterate the idea that mountain communities were populated exclusively by fiercely egalitarian, self-sufficient farmers completely isolated from the market dynamics sweeping the rest of the world. Dunaway is less successful at this "radical and purposeful departure from ... conventional wisdom about the first western frontier of the United States," mainly because its premise that Appalachia was not "a region apart" is neither particularly radical nor much of a departure.

Dunaway impressively supports her study by exhaustive statistical analysis of 215 counties in nine states from 1700 to 1860. There are many significant and enduring contributions to an understanding of the region's historical economic complexity here. Dunaway analyzes the degradation of preindustrial Cherokee culture, focusing on the impact of the global fur trade. She illuminates antebellum class gradations, the acquisition of land by absentee landlords, and the prevalence of slave and tenant labor. She documents the scope of antebellum manufacturing, the conversion of independent producers into wage earners, and the environmental damage accompanying early industry. She concludes with an airtight summation of systemic factors that institutionalized unfavorable trade terms in the Southern Appalachians, serving an absentee European and coastal American bourgeoisie and regional middlemen while impoverishing Appalachian wage workers.

Along the way, Dunaway repeatedly detracts from her methodological tour de force by implying that others have ignored these issues. She suggests that contemporary Appalachian scholars are in thrall to the "simplistic generalizations" and "romantic vulgarization" that led turn-of-the-century chroniclers to create the notion of Appalachian otherness.

In doing so, she dismisses much work that supports her world systems thesis. No previous scholarship can match the comprehensiveness of *The First American Frontier,* but if considered in aggregate, contributions of such scholars as historians David Hsuing, Paul Salstrom, and Barbara Rasmussen would successfully challenge Dunaway's self-proclaimed revolutionary credentials. Dunaway often injects awkward generalizations from world systems literature into her narrative, as if to periodically remind us what it is we are supposed to be learning. It is unfortunate that she was apparently unwilling to let this innovative work stand on its own sound theoretical and methodological foundation, permitting her readers to discern its message for themselves.

— John Hennen

John Hennen is assistant professor of history at Morehead State University, Morehead, Ky. He teaches Appalachian, Latin American, and U.S. history courses.

Sacrifice

One brother went to war
In a uniform with U.S. insignia;
One, too small for the army,
Stayed home
Until he quit school
And joined the merchant marine.

On this bright day
In the summer of 1942,
Only C.W. is in uniform.
With all the confidence of the chosen,
He holds the triangular slouch hat carefully
In his right hand.
His left arm makes a cradle
For the hand of his sister Joyce,
Her face beautiful and haunting
As though she could see
All her life
Her early death,
Leaving behind four sons,
And the rest of us who loved her.

Joyce's hair flows in soft curls
To her shoulders, brushed away
From her face.
Her light cotton dress
Hits just below her knees,
Longer than her sister Ginny's,
Who is the funny one, the daring one,
Her knees definitely showing above her
Anklets and dirty saddle shoes.
Ginny, who after her mid-life divorce
Went to college;
Ginny, who gave my sister black towels
For a wedding present.

Apart from the others,
But connected,
Is my father.
His light cotton shirt
Is open at the collar,
While C.W.'s khaki uniform
Is buttoned to the top;
And his hair is tousled, not
Carefully combed back like C.W.'s.

Did sister Zella, taking this picture,
See all that I see here?
Did she see my father's distance
From this scene, that like the army,
He couldn't join?
Did she see the mother's favorite son,
Once again blessed
By being chosen?
Did she see C.W.
Returning,
Literally shocked
Out of all recognition
Of his family
By a live wire and a tank?

Did she see the maple tree
In full leaf,
That twenty years later
Made piles of leaves for me
To kick my way through?
Did she see the neat sidewalk,
The carefully mowed lawn
Before the clapboard mission-style house?
Was the porch swing
Hidden from the street
By the bushes,
Hers to come to
In the sweet nights,
To send the boys off to war
With desperate kisses
Among the lightning bugs
Making love in the air
Of Rosemont Garden Drive
In Lexington, Kentucky
In 1942?

—Leah J. Prewitt

Leah Prewitt, a native of Lexington, Ky., is chief federal defender for Eastern Tennessee. Her work has appeared in Now & Then *and the* Cumberland Poetry Review.

A Wonderful Career

by Tim Stafford

MAYBELLE CARTER, FEBRUARY 12, 1970.
"Mother Maybelle, of the original Carter Family, plays autoharp and sings on son-in-law Johnny Cash's ABC-TV show, taped at the Grand Ole Opry House (Ryman Auditorium) in Nashville, Tenn."

Les Leverett mines his treasure trove of photographs of the greats of country and bluegrass music.

Les Leverett will probably go down in history as country and bluegrass music's premier photographer. Over the years, his photos have appeared in magazines such as *Life, American Heritage,* and many others. As the official photographer of the Grand Ole Opry for 32 years, he enjoyed such a good relationship with so many artists that he was able to capture rare, relaxed shots that almost no one else could.

Born in Montgomery, Ala., and raised in Atmore, down in the southern part of the state, Leverett first came to Nashville in the fall of 1950. There he went to work for a photographic concern which had the National Life and Accident Insurance Co. as an account. In 1960, he took a job with National Life, lured by the fact that among the company's holdings were Nashville's WSM-AM, WSM-TV, and the Grand Ole Opry. "I didn't know I wanted a job at National Life until I found out it involved the Grand Ole Opry," he remembers.

It was during a sojourn after World War II in San Antonio, Tex., where he attended photography school, that Leverett became a diehard country music fan. "You can't be in Texas and not hear country music," he observes.

In the early 1980s, National Life was the object of a takeover; eventually the entire Opryland operation was sold to Gaylord Entertainment Co., then based in Oklahoma City, Okla. Leverett became the hotel photographer for the Opryland Hotel in Nashville. In that capacity, he continued to take photos at the Grand Ole Opry until his retirement at 65 in 1992. "It's just been a wonderful career," Leverett says. "It seems like an even better career now than I realized it was back then. The Opry work was the thing that gave me my release because I loved country music so much."

LESTER FLATT, JULY 1969.
"I was out at WSM one morning while Lester was doing a radio show with the Nashville Grass, and I decided to pop a shot or two. The show was over and Lester was starting to put his guitar away when I asked him to just stop a minute so I could get this shot. It's such a natural picture of him."

Today, he lives with his wife Dot near Nashville in Goodlettsville, Tenn., which is also home to the likes of Garth Brooks and Grandpa Jones. He frequently leases out his photographs to the TNN Cable Network plus other assorted books and magazines and regularly attends performances at the Opry. "We go with friends and hang out backstage."

In 1996, Empire Publishing Inc. of Madison, N.C., published a book of his photographs, *Blue Moon of Kentucky: A Journey into the World of Bluegrass and Country Music as Seen Through the Camera Lens of Photo-Journalist Les Leverett.* The idea for *Blue Moon of Kentucky* came out of an exhibit of Leverett's work installed at the International Bluegrass Music Museum in Owensboro, Ky., in 1994.

In order to assemble the photographs for the exhibit and then later for the book, Leverett had to dig through literally thousands of shots from over the years. The result is a wonderful collection of photos documenting many of the giants of country and bluegrass music, often in unusual poses and settings. Each photo carries a brief description by Leverett that places it in proper perspective. N&T

Tim Stafford is founder of the award-winning bluegrass band, Blue Highway. Along with his work with Blue Highway as guitarist and vocalist, he writes songs and produces recordings.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND JOHNNY CASH, OCTOBER 5, 1970.
"This was shot during the taping of Johnny Cash's ABC-TV show in the Ryman Auditorium."

BILL MONROE, BEAN BLOSSOM, INDIANA, JUNE 1970.
"I was hanging out in back of the stage area when my eye caught movement at the bottom of the small hill there. It turned out to be Bill Monroe taking a little walk. As he topped the crest of the hill, he paused for several seconds to survey the situation. I have no way of knowing what his thoughts were, but he looked so alone at the moment."

LORETTA LYNN AND GEORGE BURNS, SEPTEMBER 18, 1980.
"When I caught these two in the Opry House lounge during the taping of Burns' TV special, Loretta stopped me to tell Burns about our long friendship. A local photographer was setting the two up for a shot, and I, actually, was the intruder. Loretta talked to George so much about me being the first photographer in Nashville to shoot her picture that the other photographer said, 'Okay, Loretta, now let *me* shoot your picture.'"

Honorable Mention/Color:
Dawn, Mingus Mill, Great Smoky Mountains

Scott Blaylock took this shot of a miller sitting next to his bags of cornmeal at Mingus Mill just a little after dawn in October, 1996. A native of Oak Ridge, N.C., just outside of Greensboro, Blaylock makes a pilgrimage to the Great Smoky Mountains around the middle of October each year. He is a digital prepress manager for Island Screenworks, Murrells Inlet, S.C. Our special *A Fresh Look at Appalachia* contest section begins on page 8.

SCOTT BLAYLOCK

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